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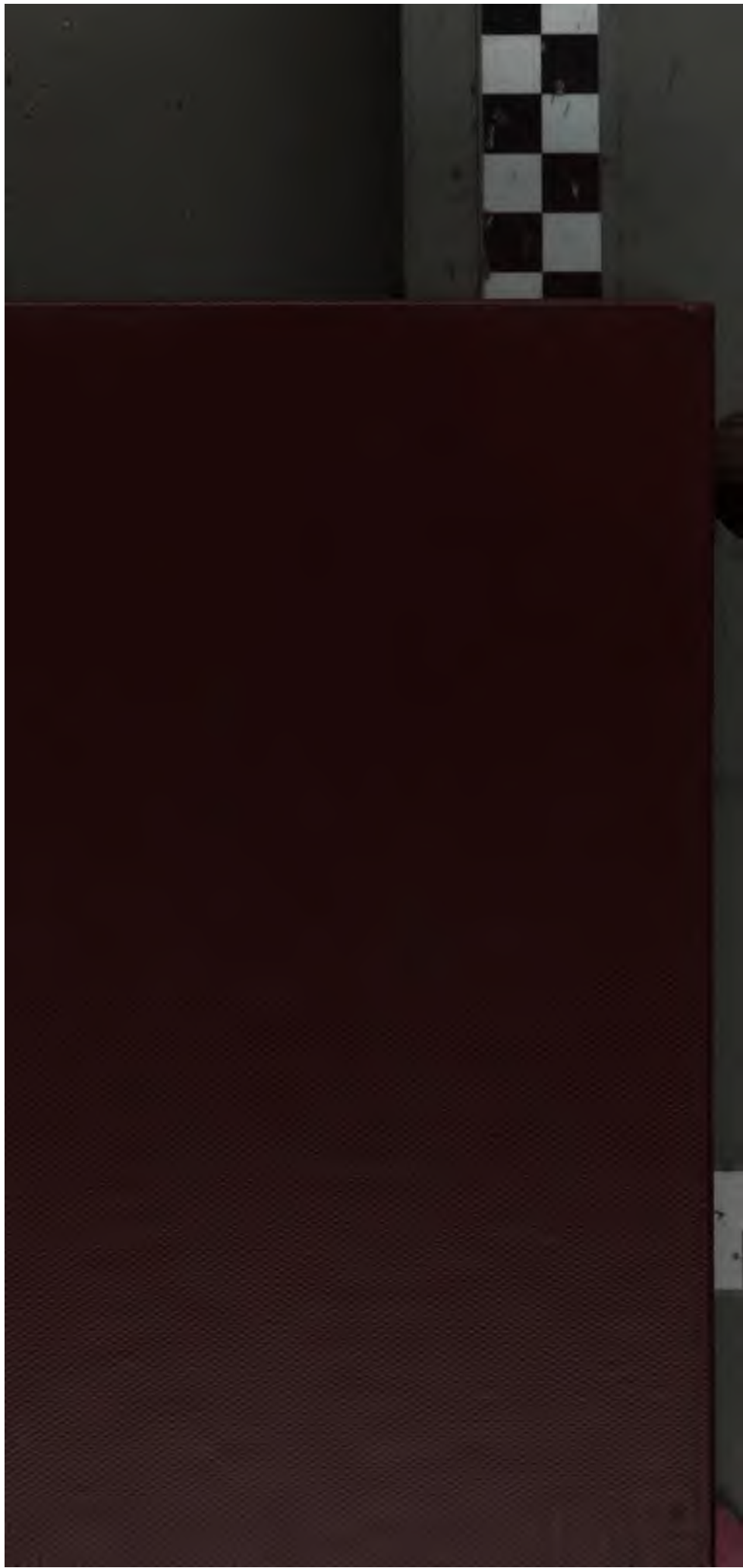
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A SKETCH

BY HIS GRAND-DAUGHTER,
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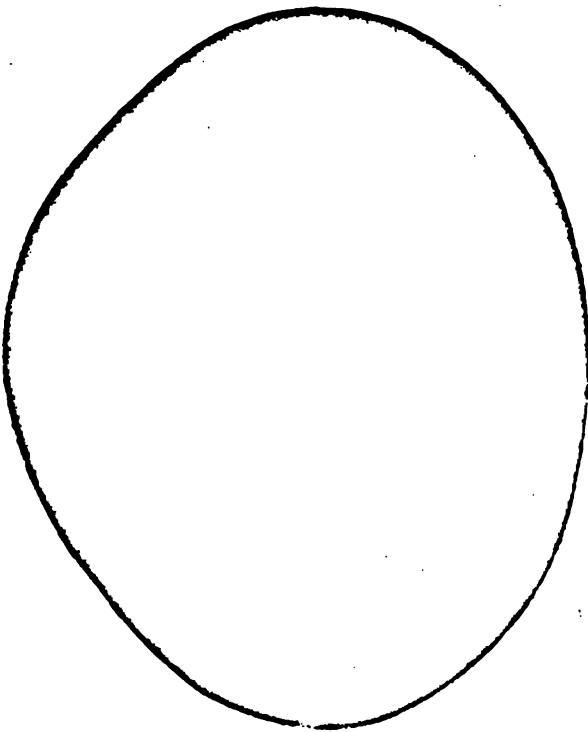
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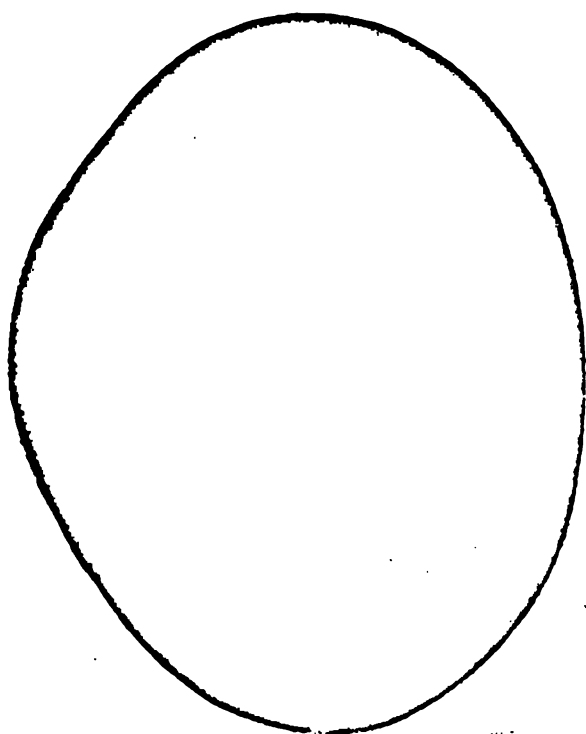




CHARLES KNIGHT

WHEN A BOY.

LONDON, RICHARD BENTLEY & SON, 1902.



CHARLES KNIGHT

WHEN A BOY.

LONDON: RICHARD BENTLEY & SON, 1893.



CHARLES KNIGHT.



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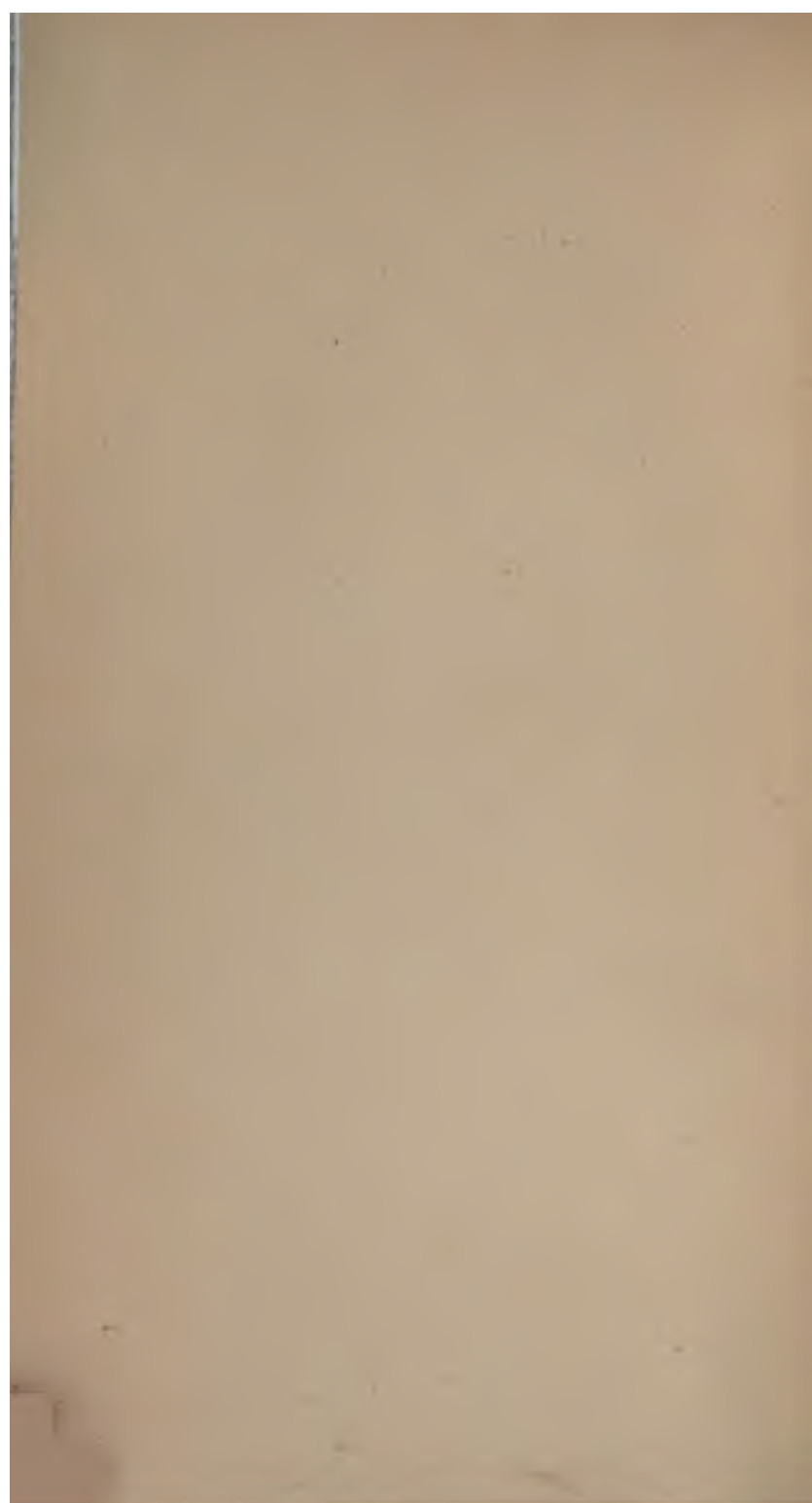
THE passages from the journal kept by Charles Knight during his early and later life appeared in the *Saturday Journal* in 1876, in some papers written by his youngest daughter, Annie Louisa Legh Knight, who died in 1884.

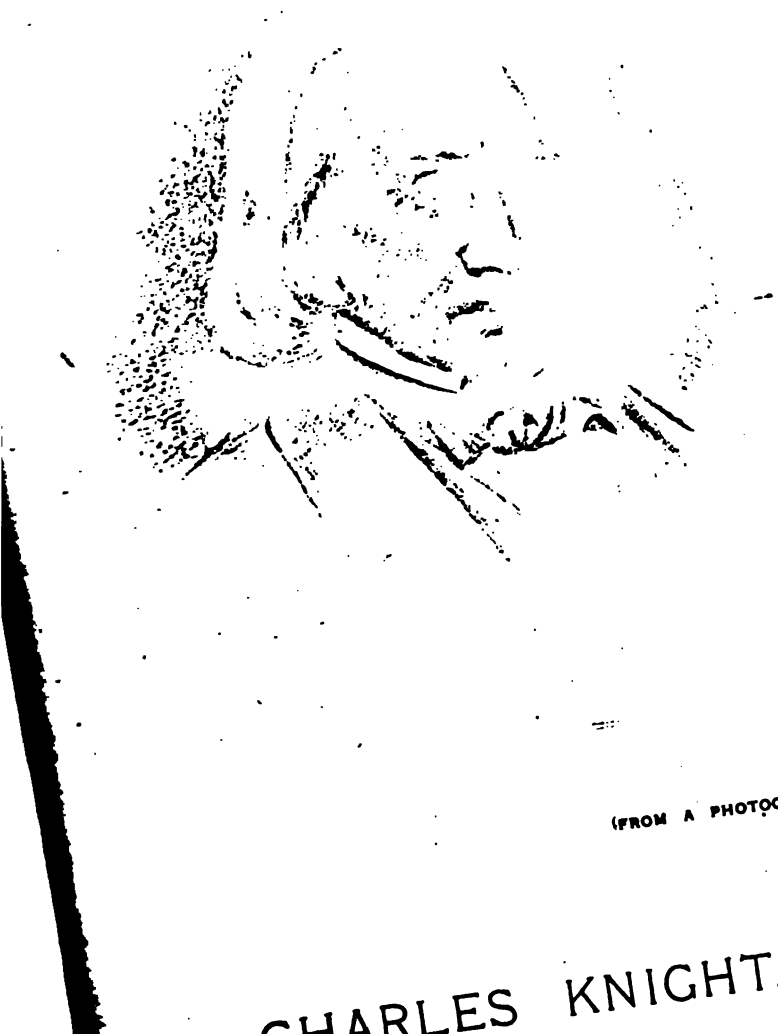




FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

CHARLES KNIGHT.





(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH)

CHARLES KNIGHT.

LONDON: RICHARD BENTLEY & SON, 1895.

CHARLES KNIGHT.

CHAPTER I.

IN these days, when good reading is within reach of the very poorest, when, by the saving of a few pence, the city arab is able to peruse the works of the first minds of old and new times, it is difficult to realize the very different condition of things at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

In these days, when music and French are taught in our Board Schools, when the cry is, "Too much education," it is hard to remember that there was a time when there was no education. The picture is pathetic which is now drawn of the miserable, ill-fed, and poorly clad child striving to master the difficulties of its school lesson, the ill-nourished body failing to supply the imperative calls upon the slowly budding intellect. But the picture was pathetic of the

perhaps equally underfed youth plodding at an uncongenial routine of manual labour with a mind untutored and longing for unattainable knowledge. "Knowledge is power" is hackneyed as a phrase, and its undoubted truth is proved in these days in ways by no means desirable; but ignorance is death—death to the higher and nobler attributes of our human nature, and as such can never be courted by thinking men and women. We take our privileges as a matter of course. In fact, we do not regard them as privileges; they are rather our rights. Does the city arab, reading by the light of the street lamp, or better, perhaps, sitting in the comfortable evening club now open to his class, know who first put it into his power to obtain the penny book of wholesome reading he so eagerly devours? Would he care to know the facts of the spread of education? Would his ears tingle with youthful enthusiasm if the tale of the brave struggle of the early pioneers in the field of literature for the million, were placed before him? It may be so. Youth has still the faculty for admiration of what is high and noble and persevering and unselfish. It still loves to gather around the narrator of feats of bravery and adventure, of success, and, it may be, of failure. For failure is

not always what it appears. It may be success disguised.

In the early days of this century a delicate youth, with thoughtful blue eyes, oft mused in his father's house at the bottom of Castle Street, Windsor.

He mused on the wrongs of the less wealthy classes, on the inequalities of social life. He chafed at the monotony of his task in his father's publishing office, and longed for freedom and for increased knowledge. Wandering by the side of the quiet Thames, Charles Knight pictured to himself the battle of life—life as it appeared to him, the struggle and fight for learning and progress. Motherless (his mother having died when he was two years old), the sole companion of a father moody, and, it may be, somewhat eccentric, yet withal of enlightened mind and tastes, and a bit of a bookworm, the youth's studious inclinations were fostered. His education at the school of Dr. Nicholson at Ealing, a man of well-known classical attainments, served to encourage his love of learning, and, returning to his father's house, he eagerly perused every rare and interesting book he could find. A letter from Dr. Nicholson to Charles Knight the elder, dated December 26, 1804, runs thus: "With an

excellent disposition and good temper, he has very superior abilities, and will shine in a learned profession. I wish particularly to call your attention to his Latin verses and English themes, in which I am confident he goes much beyond your expectations. It would be a pity to bury such talents in an office or a counting-house."

The following composition was written at the age of thirteen :—

"*'Corpus ut umbra sequitur, sic virtutem gloria.'*

"In their endeavours to acquire Fame and Glory, we may observe that men follow various paths with equal eagerness and avidity ; some with aspiring wings soar to Parnassus, others seek laurels in the plains of Mars, whilst others expect to acquire it by the potent influences of wealth and power. Amidst all these, the serene and tranquil path of virtue, though sometimes interspersed with difficulties, will nevertheless always prove the most sure, and least liable to lead her followers into error ; for the dignity and lustre of virtuous actions will always command honour and admiration, and although what are called great ones may sometimes claim glory in preference to and exceed their splendour, yet, upon due consideration, every sensible person must adjudge the decided superiority to the former.

"Meditating upon these observations, I was suddenly attacked by sleep, and was in a short time under the powerful influence of Fancy and her visionary attendants.

"Methought I was in a wide plain, reclining under the cooling shade of a spreading beech; before me were several roads, which all appeared to lead to a lofty eminence, to which, through each of these, a vast concourse of people were advancing with an eagerness almost incredible. I ventured to inquire of several who passed me the cause of this, when they all expressed their surprise that I was so great a stranger to this place and to the purport of their journey, but informed me that the lofty eminence I saw was the *Temple of Fame*, and that they were all on their way towards it. I accordingly arose, purposing to mix with the throng; but, it being yet a matter of doubt to me which of the paths I should follow, I determined to inspect them all, lest I should make any precipitate resolution, and thereby, perhaps, bring myself into danger. The first, as I learned by an inscription on an adjacent tree, was the path of Genius and Literature; the way seemed to me rather difficult, and here and there craggy cliffs and dreadful precipices seemed to threaten the hardy travellers with destruction,

but still many followed it with a surprising ardour, and although a few were so fortunate as to reach the temple and enter its gates in safety, yet the greater part perished in the attempt, being either precipitated over the rocks of *Dullness* and *Oblivion*, just as they were on the point of entering its gates, or sinking for ever into the unfathomable gulphs of *Envy* and *Criticism*. There were some others whose names I could not learn ; but observed that many were in like manner pursuing them ; and although some few safely arrived at the place of their destination, the greater part perished on their way thither. Shuddering at the scenes of horror, and seeking for those of a pleasanter nature, I pensively walked on, when on a sudden I came to a path widely different from any of the former. This I learnt was the *Path of Virtue* ; those that pursued it seemed so serene and tranquil, and bore such a continued smile of calm joy on their countenances, whilst most appeared to succeed in their design (unless they were unhappily led astray from the right path by a female named *Pleasure*, who stood in it, to entice those away who might not be able to resist her alluring temptations and deceitful promises), that I with eagerness pursued it, and having by the assistance of a charming guide,

called *Religion*, who was placed to counteract the designs of *Pleasure*, passed unattracted by her allurements, and entered the gates of the temple in safety, I was preparing to enjoy, in imagination, all the joys that were there in store, when I was awaked by a loud noise, and was extremely surprised to find myself napping on my desk, and my companions noisily preparing for supper."

Dr. Nicholson wrote again to Charles Knight's father:—

"I did not mean to recommend it to you to place your little man in a learned profession, but merely to state that I thought his abilities equal to anything. He may acquire more of the *grand necessary* in an office in one year than in one of the professions in ten or twenty; and there is another great advantage. He begins so much sooner to realize in trade, that he may *retire* at a time when others only *begin* to reap the reward of their labour."

Not long after this letter was received young Charles Knight was informed by his father that he would send for him "on the 15th or 16th of June, which will be determined on by Mr. —, with whom you are to come home, on the pony or otherwise." So ended the school career.

In 1808, at the age of seventeen, he planned a "Plot of a Tragedy;" "A Memorandum of a Design to write a Poem illustrative of the Progress of Christianity, in delineating the Travels and Actions of the Apostles, particularly St. Paul, after the Resurrection, taking as the Model of Composition the Writers of Epic Poetry;" "Memorandum of a Design to write a Poem in Heroic Measure, on the Conversion of St. Paul, calculated to display the Great Truths of Christianity, in a forcible and interesting point of view. (Mem.—To embrace the commonly received opinion of St. Paul being taught the Principles of our Holy Religion by the Supernatural Communication of the Lord Jesus, during the three days of his Blindness.) Title, The Proselyte;" "An Argument against increasing the National Militia;" a Memorandum for an Essay on Arbitrary Distinctions; a Memorandum of a Prose Composition, "The Priest of Nature;" Hints for Lectures on the Economy of Pride; Hints on Proselytism in India; Various Papers relating to a Projected Periodical Work, in the Form of a Magazine; Memoranda of a Work called "The Progress of Life; or, Moral and Religious Views of a Man in the Different Stages of Infancy, Youth, Manhood, and Age."

These were only proposed works. He wrote the following during the same year: "Observations on the necessity of Diligence and Method in Business;" Introductory Essay to a Periodical Paper; Fragments of Blank Verse on the subject of St. Paul's Labours; Observations on Dreams; Bibliographical Notices of Rare Books; Fragment of an "Heroic Epistle from a Fine Lady of Windsor to a Fine Lady of London, with an Accurate Description of the Jubilee Ball;" "The Inconstant's Apology;" A Song; Essay on a Sense of Obligation; Letters to the Master of Eton College on his Restriction of the Theatrical Amusements of Windsor; Fragment of a Poem on the "Art of Arrogance."

Amongst his resolves during the same period were "A System of Study," preceded by a "Form of Prayer," "Arrangement of Study for a Month," which left the mornings for original composition, with allowance of an hour for chronology, geography, logic, or rhetoric; the evenings were to be devoted to reading aloud history, voyages, etc., or works in polite literature, with one hour for Greek, Latin, Italian, or French. On Sunday mornings the Old Testament was to be read in English; in the evenings the New Testament was to be read in Greek. The rest

of Sunday was to be spent in reading moral and religious authors, or in studying natural religion, or in attaining self-knowledge.

"I must resolve to rise every morning before six o'clock. To study till eight and recommence at eight in the evening. After reading a chapter in the Holy Scriptures, to epitomize the contents by putting myself questions.

"To study the religion of nature for the purpose of comparing it with the Divine Revelation.

"To read the preface of a book. The contents. To read to the end of a chapter or section, marking the passages for extract with X, those I do not comprehend with a (qy.). After copying the extracts and endeavouring to solve the difficulties, to endeavour to collect and epitomize what I have read.

"In reading history, to refer to chronological tables and maps.

"I have long dreamt away the time which I can devote to my improvement in useless trifles and habitual apathy. I have made many resolutions of amendment, which, while reason approves, inclination renders of none effect. Not that I believe I waste my time in the mere desire of doing nothing, but for want of a methodical

arrangement of what may be necessary for me to do. He that leaves his studies or occupations to chance, suppresses his memory and darkens his judgment, by giving too much leisure to imagination.

"In the first place, the *languages*, as they are the vehicle of every knowledge, form a principal part of education. The rudiments which I learnt at school must be still further imprinted in me by exercises and repetition. With this view I propose, as the first step, to draw out a table of the elements or accidence of the Greek, Latin, French, and English grammars, showing at one view the gradations and distinctions of the general character and parts of speech of these languages. After this is completed, occasional exercises and constant reading of good authors will imprint in my memory lasting ideas and determinate notions.

"The study of *chronology and history* seems to be one of the most natural delights of the human mind. It is not easy to live without inquiring by what means everything was brought into the state in which we now behold it, or without finding in the mind some desire of being informed concerning the generations of mankind, that have been in possession of the world before us, whether they were better or worse than our-

selves ; or what good has been derived to mankind from their schemes, practices, or institutions. History alone can be intelligible by the knowledge of chronology, the science by which events are ranged in their order, and the periods of computation settled, and which, therefore, assists the memory by method, by showing the dependence of one transaction upon another. The technical part of chronology, or the art of computing and adjusting time, as it is very difficult, so it is not of absolute necessity ; but the principles whereby the eras of events are settled may be of service. I shall, therefore, in the first place, learn the principles of computing time, after that proceed to abridge Blair's 'Chronology,' by putting five years in the place of one and shortening the events. After this is completed, I shall proceed in earnest to a connected and philosophical reading of history.

"Rhetoric and poetry supply life with its highest intellectual pleasures. In the practice of these arts, the effect of nature is so much greater than that of education that nothing more is necessary than to acquire some good rules, to which the finest passages of the best authors may be reduced. Blair's 'Lectures' and Quintilian's 'Rhetoric' are good books to be consulted. But

these arts cannot be better illustrated and learnt than by frequent composition."

Then came logic, then ethics and morality, "a study which ought to begin with the first glimpse of reason and only end with life itself. As the importance of logic is to be shown by detecting false arguments, the excellence of morality is to be displayed by proving the deformity, the reproach, and the misery of all deviations from it. When the obligations of morality are learnt, let the sanctions of Christianity never be forgotten, by which it will be shown that they give strength and lustre to each other; religion will appear to be the voice of reason, and morality the will of God. After acquiring some short system, I may proceed to Tully's 'Offices,' Grotius, Puffendorf, and Woollaston."

"As all knowledge has for its ultimate end the advancement of man in religion and virtue, in his duty to God and relative connections with man, so the dispensations of Almighty wisdom must be consulted, as the present fountains of religious knowledge. Whatever is advanced contrary to these Divine oracles must be founded in iniquity, and whatever coincides must only be a comment on the Divine text. The *sacred writings* must, therefore, claim my particular attention,

with the comments of man to illustrate the revelations of God.

"And as the means of reducing these Divine precepts to practice, and to be not only hearers but doers of the Word, as all knowledge must centre in yourself, *self-knowledge* is of the utmost importance. I therefore propose to make a regular examination of my own heart; to impartially consider my actions and principles, in their present effects and ultimate consequences. In this I humbly trust to render myself more acceptable in the sight of God, and more amiable in the observance of man."

The following are a few entries in a journal at this time :—

"*Sunday, March 19.*—Rose at six. Composed part of an essay, 'Deteriores omnes sumas licentiâ.' Walked with my father at eight. Went to church—not sufficiently collected. After dinner walked about the fields till six with my father. In the evening formed the plan of this journal, and composed the preceding prayer, etc. Went to rest at eleven, after using my usual form of prayer.

"This day has been sullied with no crime. Perhaps I have indulged too much levity of thought and action for the nature of the day.

I have, at least, had the means of forming and resolving to put into practice this method of regulating my actions.

"*Monday, March 20.*—Rose at six. Wrote some more of the essay. Went to work at seven in the printing-office; was employed there the whole day; used some indiscreet expressions to Meyrick. Left off work at seven, and finished my essay; played at backgammon with my father; and went to bed at eleven.

"This day has been distinguished by no particular occurrence, and disgraced by no particular vice, except some slight indiscretions I used towards Meyrick. This proceeds from an unreasonable levity—may I correct it!

"*Tuesday, March 21.*—I lay this morning till seven. Read nothing. Went in the evening to a ball, where I stayed till four the next morning.

"This day has been trifled away, without any intellectual improvement.

"*Wednesday, March 22.*—Went to bed at four this morning. Found myself so weary and relaxed that I lay till seven. Incapable of any exertion of either mind or body. Was exposed to the arrogance of some pretender; this I retorted rather too warmly. When shall I learn that, in a multiplicity of knaves and fools, he

who best keeps his temper shows most wisdom?
Went to bed at ten, weary and unwell.

"This day has been a blank, in which nothing has been done, and nothing attempted.

"*Sunday, March 26.*—Lay most idly in bed till nine. After breakfast prayed, and wrote journal. Set out to Holyport; much rain; dined with Mr. Freeman. Returned by seven. Read some of Glover's 'Leonidas' and Rollin's 'Ancient History,' with a particular view of writing a poem on the battle of Salamis, where the mighty myriads of Xerxes were destroyed and dispersed. This is a fine subject, but, at present, would take up too much of that time which must be devoted to the acquirement of solid and rational knowledge. . . ."

"*Wednesday, March 29.* — Rose before seven. Prepared the books, and otherwise digested my plan for learning Latin and Greek.

"In the morning I was assiduously engaged in posting my father's accounts; in the afternoon read a great deal of 'Zimmermann on Solitude' attentively, with references. After seven in the evening read four sections of Barbeyrac's 'Science of Morality.' This day came a new journeyman printer, Charles Wright. This will allow me more opportunities of study.

"This day has been spent more to my satisfaction than any other since I began to keep this journal. I have been assiduous to my work, and to my studies, and disgraced myself by no passionate or volatile excesses. . . ."

"*Good Friday, March 31.*—Lay this morning till eight. After breakfast prayed with fervency, using an occasional prayer. Went to church. A good sermon; but the prayers read most slovenly by Rayner. Dined on fish. Walked into my father's fields. Read some of Zimmermann. Returned to tea at six. Spent the remaining part of the evening in a reverie.

"I have not sufficiently observed this holy solemnity. I meant to have read great part of the Gospels, but neglected this duty.

"*Saturday, April 1.*—I again lay this morning till eight. Must I resolve, and re-solve, and do the same? O Almighty Father, grant me resolution to shake off the allurements of sloth and despise the seductions of idleness. Read nothing this morning. In the evening began to read Puffendorf's 'Law of Nature,' etc., to my father, designing to proceed in this work regularly. Went to bed at eleven.

"*Sunday, April 2.*—Rose at seven. Read the first twenty chapters of St. Matthew. After

breakfast prayed, and wrote journal. Went to church. In the afternoon collected materials for an Essay on Duels; wrote part of this essay. After supper read two essays of the *Rambler* to my father. . . ."

"*Thursday, April 6.*—Rose at six, breakfasted at seven, and set off to a sale of books at Haslington; walked part of the way there with Harding. A good collection of books; a score of booksellers there, with whom I dined. These men gave me an unfavourable idea of my profession—mere title-pages!—as illiterate as ploughmen, impudent and vulgar. Resigned my purchases for a consideration; set off at six to walk home; luckily got a lift to Slough; got home by eight; went to bed at eleven, tired and unwell."

"I again indulged idleness; in bed till nearly eight. . . . Have this day made no mental improvement. In the evening was guilty of a violent excess of passion towards Meyrick. O God, teach me wisdom!"

"Spent the whole day in a kind of listless reverie, doing no business, and making no intellectual acquirements. . . . This day has been disgraced by some excesses towards Meyrick. Let me keep in mind that a want of understanding demands our pity, not our contempt;

and though I may inwardly despise vain ignorance and obstinacy, let me not commit myself by vulgar railing and harsh invective."

"Lay till seven; did nothing. . . . At times trifled and idled. Whether I am engaged in business or study, let me attend to the particular thing assiduously."

"I feel the good effects of this journal in regulating my general conduct; but I cannot yet put aside an unbecoming levity and familiarity to those that ought to look up to me with respect. Let me again resolve.

"In the evening a petulant speech that I made use of occasioned a slight misunderstanding between my father and myself. After supper read some political strictures to my father in the *Anti-Jacobin Review*."

"Letter to Leigh Hunt requesting employ in his magazine."

"Letter to the Bishop of Salisbury on the subject of Confirmation."

This was on the occasion of Charles Knight's Confirmation, when his feelings of reverence had been outraged by the mismanagement attending it. About this time he wrote a sermon, which was preached by his friend and tutor, Mr. Heath. His father was one of those who heard it, and

when asked by his son his opinion of it, replied, "Never heard a worse sermon in my life." It was not known whether this was a *bond-fide* opinion, or whether, suspecting the authorship, Mr. Knight wished to stop any further attempts in the same direction.

There are subjects for other sermons, and many sketches of essays; a "Letter to the Secretary of the Society of Arts, accompanying a pair of Printing-cases, upon a new plan, invented by me;" "Memoranda and Extracts relating to Parliamentary Privileges, with a view to Sir F. Burdett's Case;" "Materials for the Life of Bartholomew Las Casas;" "Project for employing the National Militia in Manufactures," etc. An address to a Reading Society in Windsor, started by him, was as follows:—

"The design of a society of this nature was originally suggested by a contemplation of the lamentable want of a friendly and improving intercourse in the particular circle in which we move. Happy is the man who is possessed of a taste for the cultivation of his mind! His pleasures are of the most satisfactory and certain kind, because they are centred in himself. He retires from the fatigues of his occupation, from the folly and the impertinences of the world, to

converse with the wise and the good of all ages ; he flies from the oppression of care, to seek relief of the teachers of wisdom and the oracles of consolation. The acquisition of useful knowledge supplies an occupation that employs his mind, but does not weary it ; that controls his passions, without diminishing his energies. The particular benefits which will be derived from an association in literary pursuits, independently of the importance of those pursuits when considered as objects of solitary exertion, consist in such an association supplying the means of knowledge in an extended degree, by the ready access it affords to valuable and important books, by the emulation which it excites, and by the facility with which the exertions of united industry may suggest opinions, and discover errors that would be imperceptible to the diligence of solitary research.

“ Permit me now to point out the manner in which we may attain the advantages proposed by this institution. . . . To attain the benefits of any pursuit, we must enter upon it with some degree of enthusiastic delight. In this case, we must impress upon our minds the importance of these occupations, and consider them as so many sources of rational and satisfactory pleasure. We must, also, look beyond the gratification or im-

provement of ourselves as individuals ; we must be disposed to render every assistance to our fellow-members ; to instruct where we are superior, to be taught where we are imperfect ; and in so doing we must resign as much of personal feeling as would oppose an obstacle to the general good. I would recommend that we should arrange ourselves in two or three classes, according to the pursuits to which we are most inclined. The benefits of a comparison of ideas on the same subject are infinite. This union in classes will not supersede our union as a society. Let the doubts of one class be referred to another ; let us each seek for assistance and advice from the whole body of our fellow-members. . . . The security of this institution essentially depends upon the individual conduct of its members. It will be necessary that each should be impressed with a proper sense of the design and nature of the society ; this will always restrain him from acting inconsistently with its principles. He must, also, bring such a conciliatory temper of mind as will promote the unanimity and friendship of the whole body ; he must refrain from the severities of censure and the harshness of ridicule. I have little doubt as to the permanency of the institution, if we are true to our-

selves. Happily we are removed beyond the influence of foreign attack; our success or our failure depends upon our own exertions. I rely with confidence on our security, in the assurance—

‘That self-dependent power can Time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.’”

Very many more works on subjects grave and gay were planned at this period, and some carried out. He writes of some of these: “There were many memoranda of my expectations in future life. I often destroyed these, as my views, written in the moments of enthusiasm, were too ardent to bear the test of cooler examination.

* “In the autumn of 1811 I had a few weeks of happiness, in which I regained something of my confidence in the existence of goodness and kindness. The Countess of Orkney, who lived at Cliefden—occupying the wings of the old palatial mansion whose principal front had been burnt down a few years before, but whose fame was imperishable, as the ‘Cliefden’s proud alcove’ of Pope—desired to have a catalogue made of a large collection of books that had long been neglected. I was sent to accomplish this work,

* During Charles Knight’s early manhood, for a short period, before he became absorbed in his work for others, he entertained somewhat pessimistic views of the world around him.

in the most charming of seasons, and surrounded by the most delightful of scenery. An artist of some eminence in his own walk of animal painting, R. B. Davis, was there also, repairing the pictures. . . . He assisted Sir Francis Bourgeois and Noel Desenfans in forming that noble collection which now constitutes the Dulwich Gallery."

The result of this visit to Cliefden was a poem dedicated to the Countess of Orkney, and published with one or two shorter poems in 1813. It begins—

"CLIEFDEN.

"Enamour'd Thames ! what time the evening sheen
Diffused its warmth on Cliefden's towering green,
Thy waters, slumbering in the shadowy glow,
Repaint each hue in one unruffled flow !
Wrapt in the mazes of some wayward dream,
I gazed unconscious on thy placid stream,
Till all the landscape fading from my sight,
Thy blue wave mingled with the tintless night.
Oh ! then, when low the woodland breezes play'd
In mystic whispers to the list'ning glade,
Whilst soft the weepings of the distant rill
Slept on the passing gale in notes so still,
That every murmur of the night-flies' race
Supplied each sound that died upon the space ;
Oh ! then, when tracing in the glassy deep
How wearied nature slumbers into sleep,
How some pale star exalts its little ray,
And slowly bursts the glimmerings of day,
My raptured tongue, impatient to impart
The sacred fires that flutter'd round my heart,
Pour'd on the breathings of the echoing air
One heavenward wish, one peace-uplifted prayer."

CHAPTER II.

AT the age of nineteen, in the year 1812, Charles Knight formally commenced his working life, starting, with his father, the *Windsor and Eton Express*, a weekly newspaper, of which he continued the editor for fourteen years. The dream of a different calling, which had been encouraged in wanderings and in poetic musings by the side of his well-loved river, he had been obliged to relinquish, and the publishing business was entered upon, which he continued until his death in 1873. The period spent at Windsor was chiefly occupied by journalistic work, he becoming editor of a London weekly newspaper, the *Guardian*, a literary and political paper, in addition to the editorship of the *Windsor and Eton Express*.

Of this paper he writes to his affianced wife, "I am full of hope in this and in all my pursuits; full of the hope of a permanent and honourable station in society; full of the hope of a pure

and lasting fame. I cannot divest myself of these ambitious views. Is this ardent love of fame natural? Why is it that my wishes for ever hover round the idea of being a leader, a reformer, a friend of my species? Why is it that all advantages of present good are insignificant in the contemplation of some imaginary excellence that may rest upon my name when my labours are no more? But I struggle with my own imperfections. I want much, very much, to entitle me to a place in the niche of honour. It is you that must give an impulse to all my energies."

In 1820 he published a cheap miscellany, entitled *The Plain Englishman*, his first attempt of the kind, and about the same time was brought out *The Etonian*, started by Winthrop Mackworth Praed, Sidney Walker, John Moultrie, Henry Nelson Coleridge, etc. This magazine was afterwards carried on by the same contributors, with the addition, amongst several others, of De Quincey and Macaulay, under the name of *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*. In the year 1786 Charles Knight, senior, had published a similar magazine, edited by George Canning, with contributions from other Etonians of his date, called *The Microcosm*, and sixteen years

later it was followed by another of the same kind, styled *The Miniature*.

* "Charles Knight, senior, was born in 1750, and was brought up by his relative, the Rev. James Hampton, the translator of Polybius, which translation went through not less than six editions. Mr. Hampton died in 1778, at his apartments in Knightsbridge, and was buried in St. Clement Danes in the Strand. He was Rector of More Monkton and of Folkton, in Yorkshire, to which he was presented by Lord Aylesbury.

"Charles Knight qualified himself for the business of a publisher, in which he embarked at Windsor some time before 1780, by his experience in the house of Horsfield, the successor of the Knaptons, both of which houses were very eminent in their day. He compiled and brought out in 1785 *The Windsor Guide*, and in 1786 and 1787 published the first celebrated work written by Etonians, *The Microcosm*.

"*The Windsor Guide*, published as the Act directs by Charles Knight, Windsor, March 31st, 1785.

* This notice of my great-grandfather and of the *Microcosm* magazine appeared in the *Critic* newspaper of March 18, 1861.

" *The Microcosm*. A periodical work carried on by us the undermentioned persons, under the name and title of Gregory Griffin. Received for John Smith, Robert Smith, John Frere, and self.—George Canning, Charles Knight, 1786, 1787.

" Mr. Knight, senior, had made a sort of figure in periodical literature, by his connection with a little publication which was started and contributed to by some schoolboys who were destined to make no little noise in the world. One day, in 1786, a bright-looking, handsome Eton lad, sixteen years of age, accompanied by some of his schoolfellows, walked into Mr. Knight's office with a proposition for a periodical which was to be edited, written, and for the most part purchased, by Etonians. The handsome lad was George Canning, and among his companions were 'Bobus' Smith and John Hookham Frere. There could have been but small probability of commercial profit in such an idea; but kindly Mr. Knight encouraged it, and on the 6th of November in that year appeared the first number of '*The Microcosm*, a periodical work, by Gregory Griffin, of the College of Eton, inscribed to the Rev. Dr. Davies, Windsor; published for C. Knight, Castle Street; and

sold by Messrs. Robinson, Paternoster Row, and Mr. Debrett, Piccadilly, London.'

"Young Canning was the editor of this schoolboys' bantling, and the chief contributors were his companions whom we have mentioned. They were all lads at this time, and other boys then at Eton were admitted occasionally to contribute. When the writers of *The Microcosm* grew to be celebrated, public attention was directed to this early essay of their abilities, and it went through several editions. As the work of schoolboys, the essays (especially those of the editor) are more than creditable. The style is perhaps a little stilted, and too closely formed upon the Addisonian model, and there are rather too many Latin quotations; but these are faults to be expected. That the example of Addison was present to the minds of the young essayists is patent from the frequency with which his name appears in the pages of *The Microcosm*. In the very first number the assumption of the pseudonym 'Gregory Griffin' is excused by the precedent of Isaac Bickerstaff, 'the man with the short face.' Canning's contributions are signed with the letter B, and the editorial communications are also from his pen. The opening number which introduces the

periodical to the public, ends with a postscript to the effect that, 'Whatever persons should be inclined to favour the authors with their hints on any subject, they will be received and acknowledged with thankfulness. A letter directed to Gregory Griffin, the Microcosmopolitan, and left at Mr. C. Knight's, Windsor, will be safely deliver'd and no further enquiries made, if the parties wish to remain concealed.' Frere and Canning were the poets of *The Microcosm*, but none of their performances give much promise of the ability in that direction which they afterwards displayed in the pages of the *Anti-Jacobin*. Perhaps the best of Canning's compositions in verse is a short poem on the 'Slavery of Greece,' which begins with the not very original lines—

'Unrival'd Greece! thou ever honoured name,
The nurse of heroes dear to deathless fame!
Tho' now to worth, to honour all unknown,
Thy lustre faded and thy glories flown,
Yet still shall Memory with reverted eye
Trace thy past worth and view thee with a sigh.'

"The editorial communications are among the most amusing features of *The Microcosm*. In one number the editor has to decline the invitation of a fair correspondent. 'I am very loth,' says he, 'to refuse anything to so fair a petitioner, as I

take it for granted *Matrona* is, and grieve that it is not in my power to accept her invitation at present, and oblige her by the interview she solicits. In anything else she may command me.' Perhaps this was an attempted hoax upon the vanity of the youthful editor, which Master George had the wit to evade. No. 11 has an editorial note contradicting a rumour which had been spread about, very much to the disparagement of the youthful essayist. A story had got abroad that the essays in *The Microcosm* had been 'looked over by the ushers.' The editor denies this indignantly. 'The idea,' says he, 'is wrong in two points: first, as being miserably *unclassical* in *phrase*; and, secondly, as being extremely *false* in *information*.

"*Slaves* cannot live in England; Ireland enjoys its immunity from *loads*; in a similar degree is the climate and constitution of Eton utterly unadapted to the existence of "ushers." And, however flattering it may be to *Gregory Griffin* that his works should be considered as compositions of riper years, he cannot but think this opinion an unworthy compliment to the genius and abilities of those to whom they are, in part, ascribed.

"I think it therefore my duty by this declara-

tion, to "take all my imperfections on my head;" and to assure the public that, little as the merit may be of these compositions, they are not "ushered" to the world by those who are degraded by the supposition,—the assistant directors of *Eton* education.'

"Very spirited and smart, not to say slightly flattering to the *Eton domini*. One of Canning's most amusing papers in *The Microcosm* is his critical essay upon the nursery rhyme of 'The Queen of Hearts,' wherein that composition is treated gravely as a 'poem,' and is subjected with mock solemnity to the severest rules of criticism.

"Time went on, and most of Canning's contributors were leaving Eton for college, when 'Mr. Gregory Griffin' deemed it expedient to bring *The Microcosm* to an end. The last number appeared on the 30th of July, 1787, in which Mr. Griffin bids a solemn and affecting farewell to the world, and duly makes his will, whereby he bequeaths the various essays and papers in *The Microcosm* to those who were properly entitled to them. Exactly ten years later on, two at least of the youthful contributors to *The Microcosm* were reunited in periodical literature in the columns of the *Anti-Jacobin*, and under the banner of William Gifford."

CHAPTER III.

AN article written in 1819 in the *Windsor Express* set forth Charles Knight's opinions of the publications which were then being first sent out at cheap prices, and it was in consequence of this article that *The Plain Englishman* was started, in the hope of obviating the evils disseminated by those publications. The article said, "The mass of useful books are not accessible to the poor; newspapers, with their admixture of good and evil, seldom find their way into the domestic circle of the labourer or artisan; the tracts which pious persons distribute are exclusively religious, and the tone of them is often either fanatical or puerile. The 'twopenny trash,' as it is called, has seen farther, with the quick perception of avarice or ambition, into the intellectual wants of the working classes. It was just because there was no healthful food for this newly created appetite that sedition and infidelity have been so widely disseminated. The writers employed in

this work, and their leader and prototype Cobbett in particular, show us pretty accurately the sort of talent which is required to provide this healthful food. '*Fas est et ab hoste doceri.*' They state an argument with great clearness and precision; they divest knowledge of all pedantic incumbrances; they make powerful appeals to the deepest passions of the human heart. Let a man of genius set out upon these principles, in the task of building up a more popular literature than we possess; and let him add, what the seditious and infidel writers have thrown away, the power of directing the affections to what is reverend and beautiful in national manners and institutions—tender and subduing in pure and domestic associations—sacred and glowing in what belongs to the high and mysterious destiny of the human mind—satisfying and consoling in the divine revelations of that destiny—and then, were such a system embodied in one grand benevolent design supplementary to the Instruction of the Poor, National Education, we sincerely think, would go on diffusing its blessings over every portion of the land, and calling up a truly English spirit wherever it penetrates. Neglect this provision, and we fear that no penal laws will prevent the craving after knowledge from being im-

properly gratified, and then—but the evidence of the danger is before us.”

The title-page of *The Plain Englishman* described the work as comprehending original compositions and selections from the best writers, under the heads of “The Christian Monitor,” “The British Patriot,” “The Fireside Companion.” Dr. John Bird Sumner was amongst the first contributors. His articles were styled, “Conversations with an Unbeliever.” Mr. Locker contributed “Lectures on the Bible and Liturgy;” Charles Knight wrote a “Monthly Retrospect of Public Affairs;” a well-known surgeon of the time, John Cole, wrote on “Cleanliness and Ventilation;” the Bishop of Calcutta contributed papers on “Naval Victories,” Mr. John Steer on “Popular Law,” etc.

Three years afterwards the following advertisement appeared, written by Charles Knight:—

“Three years have now elapsed since we presented this little work to the public attention. On a conscientious review of the Prospectus which we circulated preparatory to the appearance of our First Number, we may, without presumption, assert that we have faithfully redeemed our pledge. We have made a valuable selection from the works of the most distinguished British

authors, on subjects most important to the knowledge of our fellow-countrymen ; and, with the same view, we have contributed a great variety of original articles, amounting to more than two-thirds of the contents of our work.

“While we have scrupulously forborne to minister to the prejudices of any party, we have steadily supported the Constitution, in Church and State ; and though the amusement as well as the instruction of our readers has not been neglected, we have in no instance flattered popular vices, nor gratified the imagination at the expense of truth. We have laboured to preserve a style intelligible to our humble readers, little solicitous for literary reputation, and resting our pretensions to public favour rather on the soundness of our principles than on the ability of our compositions.

“We have said so much in justice to ourselves, because, with lively feelings of gratitude to our personal friends (among whom we have the honour to number the great and the good), the patronage of the public at large has not been such as will enable us to continue the work without serious loss. We cheerfully present to them the labours of three years ; but under these circumstances we are constrained to terminate the undertaking with our present number.

“It may be thought by some that we should have shown our policy by withholding this frank acknowledgment from the public, and that we might have taken leave of our subscribers in the usual language of farewell. But as the welfare of our fellow-subjects was the main object of the publication, we think it our duty to submit to them a few observations on the subject, and we present these to their attention in perfect good humour. We neither resent nor lament the inadequate support we have received; for we have employed none of those expedients which we considered wholly incompatible with the duty of a moralist. *The Plain Englishman* was designed to be a serious and sober work; it therefore made no pretensions to brilliancy. It was intended to serve the common cause of Religion and Order; it therefore stood aloof from the prejudices and partialities of all sects and parties. To secure an adequate sale for any periodical publication, it is certainly necessary that it should be conducted with spirit; and if it do not greatly abound in Talent, that at least it should supply the defect by Information. But we are unwilling to believe that, in order to secure success, a popular work is compelled to adopt that accommodating spirit which affects so large a portion of the newspapers,

and tracts, and magazines, and reviews, by which the public mind is almost unconsciously guided.

"Without referring to those infamous works which are the open channels of infidelity and sedition, we perceive in others which attract a considerable share of popularity at this time, a palliation of vice, a laxity of expression, a jesting with sacred things, a wanton exposure of private characters, and an avowed disrespect for political restraints,—the prevailing relish for all which shows the frail morality of their readers and admirers. We continually see the successive numbers of such publications on the tables of those who would be offended at the charge of encouraging profligacy or profanation, while they thus wilfully expose themselves and their families to an evil contamination, which this species of reading never fails to infuse. Morality is grievously galled by such light artillery; and we earnestly press upon our readers the duty of discountenancing that licentious spirit by which such works are polluted. Popularity derived from these sources is the great bane of modern authorship, and renders the press the mighty engine of moral corruption."

The following is taken from No. 32 of *The Plain Englishman*, a contribution by Charles

Knight on the death of his son,* entitled "My First Grief":—

"Until I had reached my thirtieth year I had known nothing of what I can properly term sorrow. The evils of mortality had not begun to come home to me. The wings of the destroying angel had rested upon the dwellings of my neighbours; but death had never yet crossed my threshold, and sickness seldom. I had heard the voice of misery like the mutterings of a distant storm; but the thunder had not yet burst over my head. I had not covered my eyes from the passing lightning. Though the images of decay are all around us, yet the idea of vitality triumphs over their impressions. We behold the grave opened for some one that we have known in all the enjoyment of existence; and we offer a fluttering sigh for the instability of life. The consciousness is but for a moment. We mingle with busy faces, and we forget that there is a land where the sound of this restlessness shall be rife no more;—we look upon the blue skies of youthful pleasure, and we think not of the night without a star;—we behold the 'splendours in the grass,' and we reckon not, that in the evening it is 'cut down, dried up, and withered.' This is

* Charles James, died 1822.

a wise provision of our nature. If the 'end-all' were continually in view, the 'be-all' would stagnate.

"The shepherd-boy in Arcadia 'piped as if he should never grow old.' And why should he have stopped the full tide of his animal joy by speculating upon its ebbing? He lived not amongst mouldering piles which told a tale of the vanity of life. His home was in the quiet fields, where age and decay showed only as exceptions to the general principle of youth and lustiness. The heavens are old, but they look as fresh and as pure as the smile of infancy; and the sun 'rejoiceth as a bridegroom to run his course.' As the shepherd in Arcadia piped on with his full heart, so walked I from my school-boy years to manhood. I became blessed with a wife and with children. I had hours of anxiety, but not of pain. The duties of the present time frequently pressed heavily on me; but the future still sparkled like a beaming morning. There might be carelessness in this; but there was not insensibility.

"I sat down on my fifth wedding-day to look back upon my happiness. . . .

"We had a little boy who was advancing towards his fourth year. He was our only son, and

our comfort, therefore, was bound up with his well-being, by an excess of the fond anticipations which parents indulge of the future prosperity of their offspring. He had nothing of the boisterous happiness of childhood about him; but he seemed to live in a tranquil enjoyment of the delights that nature had scattered at his feet; and he grew in the breeze and the sunshine, a creature of pure and gentle elements. He had few affections, but they were unusually strong. Two beings he loved with an intense passion: his mother, and a kind and single-hearted man, who delighted to have my little boy by his side when he weeded his garden, who culled for him the brightest rosebuds, and who would hold him for hours in his arms, to look upon the swallows as they dipped their rapid wings into the clear and silent stream that flowed by my cottage. If ever human beings were entirely happy, it was this honest man and my poor child, as they wandered about from the rising to the setting sun, exchanging those most innocent thoughts which the rough touch of worldly feelings will in a moment destroy, but which rest upon the untainted soul like bloom upon the ripening fruit.

“My boy gradually sickened: there was a languor in his eyes which told of growing disease;

there was a torpor in his movements which spoke of feebleness and pain. The spring came, but he did not float upon its wings like a butterfly. While the crocus leapt out of the earth to proclaim the approaching hours of renovation, the work of decay was begun in the sapling whose blossoms and fruit showed so richly in my day-dreams. I saw him once more enjoy the sunshine—but it was in his nurse's arms.

"The crisis quickly approached. I sat by his bed for two days and nights, regardless of anything in the world but my sick boy. The wrestlings with death of a firm mind and a mature body must be fearful; but who can gaze without shuddering upon the agonies of infancy? Who can see the burning fever pass over the trembling lips of childhood, like the hurricane sweeping the lily, without shrinking from the sight of this contest between weakness and power? I looked out for a moment from the chamber of suffering, upon the face of the bright and tranquil world; when I turned again to my boy, the hand of love was closing his eyes.

"I now knew for the first time what it is to have death about our hearths. The excitement of hope and fear in a moment passes away, and the contest between feeling and reason begins,

with its alternation of passion and listlessness. It is some time before the image of death gets possession of the mind. We sleep, perchance, amidst a feverish dream of gloomy and indistinct remembrances—the object of our grief, it may be, has seemed to be present, in health and animation—we wake in a struggle between the shadowy and the real world, and we require an effort of the intellect to believe that the earthly part of the being we have loved is no more than a clod of the valley.

“On the day before my boy was buried, the constant companion of his happy hours came to gaze for the last time upon the blighted plant. I saw not his tears, but I heard the sob of bitterness; and when I looked again upon the corpse of my child, I perceived that the pleasures of their past existence had become a link between the dead and the living—the honest man had brought the earliest flowers of the year to strew upon the shroud of his little favourite.

“I followed my boy to the grave. The morning was chill and dreary. I scarcely heard the words of religious consolation, for my heart went before them. The stiff clay lay about the grassy mounds of the ‘house of all living.’ I looked down into the deep, deep resting-place they had

prepared for my child. At that moment a gleam of sunshine suddenly burst upon the scene. I thought of the dim morning of death, and the 'dayspring' of immortality, and I turned for comfort unto Him who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not.'"

CHAPTER IV.

THE prospectus which Charles Knight issued on the publication of the first number of *Knight's Quarterly Magazine* was an extract from an introduction written by Winthrop Mackworth Praed in an article entitled "Castle Vernon."

"To the Lady Mary Vernon, the Mistress of all Harmony, the Queen of all Wits, the Brightest of all Belles, we, the undersigned, send greeting:

"We, the undersigned, are a knot of young men, of various forms and features—of more various talents and inclinations; agreeing in nothing, save in two essential points—a warm liking for one another, and a very profound devotion for your ladyship.

"Some of us have no occupation.

"Some of us have no money.

"Some of us are desperately in love.

"Some of us are desperately in debt.

"Many of us are very clever, and wish to convince the public of the fact.

"Several of us have never written a line.

"Several of us have written a great many, and wish to write more.

"For all these reasons we intend to write a Book.

"We will not compile a lumbering quarto of Travels, to be bound in Russia, and skimmed in the *Quarterly*, and bound by the country book-clubs;—nor a biting Political Pamphlet, to be praised by everybody on one side, and abused by everybody on the other, and read by nobody at all;—nor a Philosophical Essay, to be marvelled at by the few, and shuddered at by the many, and prosecuted by His Majesty's Attorney-General;—nor a little Epic Poem in twenty-four books, to be loved by the milliners, and lauded in the *Literary Gazette*, and burnt by your ladyship.

"But a Book of some sort we are resolved to write. We will go forth to the world once a quarter, in high spirits and handsome type, and a modest dress of drab, with verse and prose, criticism and witticism, fond love and loud laughter; everything that is light and warm, and fantastic, and beautiful, shall be the offering we will bear; while we will leave the nation to the care of the Parliament, and the Church to the Bishop of Peterborough. And to this end we will give up

to colder lips and duller souls their gross and terrestrial food; we will not interfere with the saddle or the surloin, the brandy-bottle or the punch-bowl; our food shall be of the spicy curry and the glistening champagne; our inspiration shall be the thanks of pleasant voices and the smiles of sparkling eyes. We grasp at no renown—we pray for no immortality; but we trust that in the voyage it shall be our destiny to run, we shall waken many glowing feelings, and revive many agreeable recollections; we shall make many jokes and many friends; we shall enliven ourselves and the public together; and when we meet around some merry hearth to discuss the past and the future, our projects, and our success, we shall give a zest to our bottle and our debate by drinking a health to all who read us, and three healths to all who praise.”

Twenty-five signatures followed this address, the more distinguished being :—

<i>Peregrine Courtenay</i>	}	...	Winthrop Mackworth Praed.
<i>Vyvyan Joyeuse</i>			
<i>Gerard Montgomery</i>	...	...	John Moultrie.
<i>Davenant Cecil</i>	...	...	Derwent Coleridge.
<i>Tristram Morton</i>	...	...	Thomas Babington Macaulay.
<i>Edward Haslefoot</i>	...	...	William Sydney Walker.
<i>Hamilton Murray</i>	...	...	Henry Malden.
<i>Joseph Haller</i>	...	...	Henry Nelson Coleridge.

The muse which prompted Macaulay in the following poem, contributed to the first number of *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*, was somewhat different from that of the "Lays of Ancient Rome":—

"Oh, Rosamond! how sweet it were on some fine summer dawn

With thee to wander, hand in hand, upon the dewy lawn,
When flowers and heaps of new-mown grass perfume the morning breeze,

And round the straw-built hive resounds the murmur of the bees;

To see the distant mountain-tops empurpled by the ray,
And look along the spreading vale to the ocean far away,
O'er russet heaths, and glancing rills, and many forests green,
And curling smoke of cottages, and dark grey spires between!

"And oh! how passing sweet it were, through the long sunny day,

To gaze upon thy lovely face, to gaze myself away,
While thou beneath a mountain-ash, upon a mossy seat,
Shouldst sing a low wild song to me, reclining at thy feet!
And oh! to see thee, in some mood of playful toil, entwine
Round the green trellice of our bower the rose and eglantine,
Still laying on my soul and sense a new and mystic charm
At every turn of thy fairy shape and of thy snowy arm!"

* "Many of the contributors to the early numbers were absent at the end; but Thomas Babington Macaulay was staunch to the last.† His final contribution was perhaps the best which

* *Critic*, March 18, 1861.

† He withdrew at one period, for a short time, from contributing to the magazine.

appeared in the *Quarterly Magazine*. It is entitled 'A Prophetic Account of a Grand National Epic Poem, to be entitled "The Wellingtoniad," and to be published A.D. 2824.' The author of this epic of the future is to be a certain Richard Guongti, who will be born at Westminster on the 1st of July, 2786.

" 'He will be the younger son of the younger branch of one of the most respectable families in England. He will be lineally descended from Guongti, the famous Chinese liberal, who, after the failure of the heroic attempt of his party to obtain a constitution from the Emperor Fim Fam, will take refuge in England in the twenty-third century. Here his descendants will obtain considerable note, and one branch of the family will be raised to the peerage.

" 'Richard, however, though destined to exalt his family to distinction far nobler than any which wealth or titles can bestow, will be born to a very scanty fortune. He will display in his early youth such striking talents as will attract the notice of Viscount Guongti, his third cousin, then Secretary of State for the Steam Department. At the expense of this eminent nobleman, he will be sent to prosecute his studies at the University of Timbuctoo. To that illustrious seat of the Muses

all the ingenuous youth of every country will then be attracted by the high scientific character of Professor Guashaboo and the eminent literary attainments of Professor Kiesey Kickey.'

"Here we find something like the germ of the idea that in future times the centres of knowledge and arts will be found elsewhere than in Western Europe, which culminated in the celebrated New Zealander.

"The character of this noble poem will be so finely and justly given in the *Timbuctoo Review* for April, 2825, that I cannot refrain from translating the passage. The author will be our poet's old preceptor, Professor Kiesey Kickey. "In pathos, in splendour of language, in sweetness of versification, Mr. Guongti has long been considered as unrivalled. In his exquisite poem on the *Ornithorynchus Paradoxus*, all these qualities are displayed in their greatest perfection. How exquisitely does that work arrest and embody the undefined and vague shadows which flit over an imaginative mind! The cold worldling may not comprehend it, but it will find a response in the bosom of every youthful poet, of every enthusiastic lover who has seen an *Ornithorynchus Paradoxus* by moonlight."

"But we were yet to learn that he possessed

the comprehension, the judgment, and the fertility of mind indispensable to the epic poet.'

"It is difficult to conceive a plot more perfect than that of the 'Wellingtoniad.' It is most faithful to the manners of the age to which it relates. It preserves exactly all the historical circumstances, and interweaves them most artfully with all the *speciosa miracula* of supernatural agency.

"The argument of the 'Wellingtoniad' is given with great minuteness. The careers of Wellington and Napoleon are treated much as it may be imagined the real stories of the heroes of the Iliad have been treated by the Greek bard. As a specimen, we subjoin the close of the argument:—

"'But we must hasten to the close. Napoleon rushes to encounter Wellington. Both armies stand in mute amaze. The heroes fire their pistols; that of Napoleon misses, but that of Wellington, formed by the hand of Vulcan, and primed by the Cyclops, wounds the Emperor in the thigh. He flies, and takes refuge among his troops. The flight becomes promiscuous. The arrival of the Prussians, from a motive of patriotism, the poet completely passes over.

"Book XII.

"Things are now hastening to the catastrophe. Napoleon flies to London, and, seating himself on the hearth of the Regent, embraces the household gods, and conjures him, by the venerable age of George III. and by the opening perfection of the Princess Charlotte, to spare him. The Prince is inclined to do so, when, looking on his breast, he sees there the belt of the Duke of Brunswick. He instantly draws his sword, and is about to stab the destroyer of his kinsman. Piety and hospitality, however, restrain his hand. He takes a middle course, and condemns Napoleon to be exposed on a desert island. The King of France re-enters Paris, and the poem concludes."

CHAPTER V.

REMOVING to London in 1823, Charles Knight at once began to devote himself to the publication of cheap popular literature.

He became connected with the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, the works of which he published and in some cases edited ; a congenial undertaking thus falling in his way. The revival of wood engraving led him to indulge the hope of spreading popular art in addition to popular literature, and the *Penny Magazine* was established, followed by many similar publications, the names of which will be mentioned in the list, appended to this volume, of the various works written and conducted by him. He became connected also, as their publisher, with the originators of the Poor Law Amendment and other reforms.

In the spring of 1826, the *Brasen Head*, a weekly journal edited by him and Mr. St. Leger, was brought out, but it only lasted for four weeks. Amongst other amusing papers is the following

poem by Mr. Praed, which, I believe, was not,
for some time, elsewhere published :—

“ I think, whatever mortals crave
With impotent endeavour,
A wreath, a rank, a throne, a grave,—
The world goes round for ever.
I think that life is not too long ;
And therefore I determine
That many people read a song
Who will not read a sermon.

“ I think you've look'd through many hearts,
And mused on many actions,
And studied man's component parts,
And Nature's compound fractions ;
I think you've pick'd up truth by bits
From foreigner and neighbour ;
I think the world has lost its wits,
And you have lost your labour.

“ I think the studies of the wise,
The hero's noisy quarrel,
The majesty of woman's eyes,
The poet's cherish'd laurel,
And all that makes us lean or fat,
And all that charms or troubles,—
This bubble is more bright than that,
But still they all are bubbles.

“ I think the thing you call Renown,
The unsubstantial vapour,
For which the soldier burns a town,
The sonneteer a taper,
Is like the mist which, as he flies,
The horseman leaves behind him ;
He cannot mark its wreaths arise,
Or, if he does, they blind him.

"I think one nod of Mistress Chance
 Makes creditors of debtors,
 And shifts the funeral for the dance,
 The sceptre for the fetters ;
 I think that Fortune's favour'd guest
 May live to gnaw the platters,
 And he that wears the purple vest
 May wear the rags and tatters.

"I think the Tories love to buy
 'Your lordships' and 'your graces,'
 By loathing common honesty,
 And lauding commonplaces ;
 I think that some are very wise,
 And some are very funny,
 And some grow rich by telling lies,
 And some by telling money.

"I think the Whigs are wicked knaves,
 And very like the Tories,
 Who doubt that Britain rules the waves,
 And ask the price of glories ;
 I think that many fret and fume
 At what their friends are planning,
 And Mr. Hume hates Mr. Brougham
 As much as Mr. Canning.

"I think that friars and their hoods,
 Their doctrines and their maggots,
 Have lighted up too many feuds,
 And far too many faggots ;
 I think while zealots fast and frown,
 And fight for two or seven,
 That there are fifty roads to town
 And rather more to heaven.

"I think that, thanks to Paget's lance,
 And thanks to Chester's learning,
 The hearts that burn'd for fame in France
 At home are safe from burning ;

I think the Pope is on his back,
And, though 'tis fun to shake him,
I think the Devil not so black
As many people make him.

"I think that Love is like a play
Where tears and smiles are blended,
Or like a faithless April day,
Whose shine with shower is ended ;
Like Colnbrook pavement, rather rough ;
Like trade, exposed to losses ;
And like a Highland plaid, all stuff,
And very full of crosses.

"I think the world, though dark it be,
Has aye the rapturous pleasure
Conceal'd in life's monotony
For those who seek the treasure ;
One planet in a starless night,—
One blossom on a briar,—
One friend not quite a hypocrite,—
One woman not a liar !

"I think poor beggars court St. Giles,
Rich beggars court St. Stephen,
And Death looks down with nods and smiles,
And makes the odds all even ;
I think some die upon the field,
And some upon the billow,
And some are laid beneath a shield,
And some beneath a willow.

"I think that very few have sigh'd
When Fate at last has found them,
Though bitter foes were by their side,
And barren moss around them ;
I think that some have died of drought,
And some have died of drinking,—
I think that naught is worth a thought,
And I'm a fool for thinking !"

The *British Almanac*, started by Charles Knight in 1827, followed immediately by the *Companion to the Almanac*, he continued to carry on for thirty-seven years, writing many original articles in it. Previous to this publication, there had been in its place only a very inferior type of almanac, dealing with such subjects as alarming and dismal prophetic intelligence, but not supplying useful or dependable information. Under the auspices of Lord Brougham, he gathered together a band of men capable of contributing articles on "Astronomy, Meteorology, Tides, and Eclipses," etc., etc. He thus speaks of his first interview with Mr. Brougham:—

"At Windsor" (where for many years he occupied a cottage after his removal to London in November, 1823) "I received a letter from Mr. M. D. Hill, wishing me to come to town immediately, as he had mentioned my plan of popular books to Mr. Brougham and to a committee for the encouragement of such a project, and that he thought great things might be done. Of course the communication brought me instantly to London, and I was very quickly introduced by Mr. Hill to Mr. Brougham. That interview is indelibly impressed upon my memory with all its attendant circumstances. I had never come

across the renowned orator in private life, or had seen him under an everyday character. There was an image in my mind of the Queen's Attorney-General, as I had often beheld him in the House of Lords, wielding a power in the proceedings on the Bill of Pains and Penalties which no other man seemed to possess—equivocating witnesses crouching beneath his withering scorn; mighty peers shrinking from his bold sarcasm; the whole assembly visibly agitated at times by the splendour of his eloquence. The Henry Brougham I had gazed upon was, in my mind's eye, a man stern and repellant; not to be approached with any attempt at familiarity; whose opinions must be received with the most respectful deference; whose mental superiority would be somewhat overwhelming. The Henry Brougham into whose chambers in Lincoln's Inn I was ushered on a November night was sitting amidst his briefs, evidently delighted to be interrupted for some thoughts more attractive. After saluting my friend with a joke, and grasping my hand with a cordial welcome, he went at once to the subject upon which I came. The rapid conception of the features of my plan, the few brief questions as to my wishes, the manifestation of a warm interest in my views without the slightest attempt to be

patronizing, were most gratifying to me. The image of the great orator of 1820 altogether vanished when I listened to the unpretentious and often playful words of one of the best table-talkers of 1826; it vanished, even as the full-bottomed wig of that time seemed to have belonged to some other head than the close-cropped one upon which I looked. The foremost advocate of popular education made no harangues upon its advantages. He did not indoctrinate me, as I have been bored by many an educationist before and since, as to flourishes upon a subject which he gave Mr. Hill and myself full credit for comprehending. M. Charles Dupin said to Mackintosh after a night in the House of Commons, 'I heard not one word about the blessing of liberty.' 'No, no,' replied Mackintosh; 'we take all that for granted.' So did Henry Brougham take for granted that he and I were in accord upon the subject of the diffusion of knowledge. He was then within a few days of the completion of his forty-seventh year; full of health and energy—one who had been working without intermission in literature, in science, in law, in politics, for a quarter of a century, but one to whom no work seemed to bring fatigue; no tedious mornings of the King's Bench, no sleepless nights of the

House of Commons, able to 'stale his infinite variety.'"

Again he refers to Mr. Brougham when projecting the starting of the *British Almanac* :—

"I went to work to elaborate the scheme of a rational and useful Almanac. It was completed in a few days, and I took it to my steady friend, Matthew Hill. We went together to Westminster to consult Mr. Brougham. What an incalculable source of satisfaction to a projector, even of so apparently humble a work as an Almanac, to find a man of ardent and capacious mind, quick to comprehend, frank to approve, not deeming a difficult undertaking impossible, ready not only for counsel, but for action! 'It is now the middle of November,' said the rapid genius of unprocrastinating labour. 'Can you have your Almanac out before the end of the year?' 'Yes, with a little help in the scientific matters.' 'Then tell Mr. Coates to call a meeting of the General Committee at half-past eight to-morrow morning. You shall have help enough. There's Lubbock and Wrottesley and Daniel and Beaufort—you may have your choice of good men for your astronomy and meteorology, your tides and your eclipses. Go to work, and never fear.'

"The market-gardeners of Brompton were

scarcely yet astir when I started to walk to Lincoln's Inn. The morning was dismal; the road was solitary. When I reached the top of Sloane Street, I was encountered by a dense fog—so heavy that I remember feeling my way by the iron railings in front of Apsley House, and so, groping through Piccadilly, I began to despair of keeping the appointment which I deemed so important. But I persevered. That fog seemed to me as a type of the difficulties that I might have to encounter in this novel attempt, and in the realization of other projects floating in my mind. In Mr. Brougham's chambers there was assembled a quorum of the committee. The energy of the chairman swept away every doubt. The work was committed to my charge. The aid which had been suggested to me was freely given. I remembered the sarcastic exclamation of Erskine, when he was contending against the re-establishment of the usurped monopoly of the universities, 'Is it imagined that our almanacs are to come to us, in future, in the classical arrangement of Oxford, fraught with the mathematics and astronomy of Cambridge?' . . . A constant friend through many years, the hydrographer of the Admiralty, Captain Beaufort, found a gentleman in his office who quickly prepared

the various astronomical tables. There were senior wranglers, 'fraught with the mathematics and astronomy of Cambridge,' whose names had been rapidly mentioned to me by Mr. Brougham, ready to look over the proofs. I arranged the business terms with the Finance Committee of the society, upon the principle of paying a rent upon the numbers sold. The *British Almanac* was published before the 1st of January."

In the annual report of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, issued at the beginning of February, was this announcement: "*A Companion to the Almanac* is in the press, which will treat of many important branches of knowledge. . . ."

The two objects which have been always kept in view in the preparation of the *Companion*, were set forth in 1828. "1st. That the subjects selected should be generally useful, either for present information or future reference. 2nd. That the knowledge conveyed shall be given in the most condensed and explicit manner, so as to be valuable to every class of readers."

Eager to furnish information of the highest worth at the very lowest prices, impatient of difficulties, impulsive by nature, sanguine and open-handed, Charles Knight's wings were often

hampered by pecuniary difficulties. But, weighted as they frequently were, and even for a time forced to droop, upwards and yet upwards steadily they soared. And it was not until many popular branches for the spread of useful knowledge had been set on foot, that he withdrew from undertakings involving great risk.

To secure a circulation of useful information at low prices, in the days when the tax on paper was threepence per pound, was by no means easy. There was a duty of 3s. 6d. on every advertisement, and to obtain an advertising medium in those days was not easy. The public might be willing to purchase the literature if made aware of its existence, but it must be first made aware. Charles Knight was one of the first and the most persistent foes of the paper duty and the newspaper stamp. Mr. Rowland Hill, in his work on "Post Office Reform," says, "When the expediency of entirely abolishing the newspaper stamp and allowing newspapers to pass through the Post Office for a penny each was under consideration, it was proposed by Mr. Charles Knight, the publisher, that the postage on newspapers might be collected by selling stamped wrappers at a penny

each. Availing myself of this excellent suggestion, I propose the following arrangement :—Let the stamped covers and sheets of paper be supplied to the public from the Stamp Office or Post Office, as may be most convenient, and sold at such a price as to include the postage. Letters so stamped might be put into the letter-box as at present.” This suggestion of Charles Knight’s may be said to have led to the establishment of the penny postage stamp. Some years afterwards he wrote a pamphlet called “The Struggles of a Book against Excessive Taxation,” which strongly advocated the abolition of the paper duties.

Writing of one of the cheap publications of this time, he says, “In March I became a part proprietor of *The London Magazine*. In the first number of a new series for April, I wrote an article on the ‘Education of the People.’ I venture upon a somewhat too long extract, justified, perhaps, by the belief that there is still much work to do, and always will be, for the labourers in this inexhaustible soil—

‘That which they have done but camest of the things that they shall do.’

Thus, then, I spoke some plain words in 1828.

“Nothing but a very narrow view of the

actual state of intelligence amongst the British people would limit any scheme of popular instruction to the labouring classes only. It is true that the majority of these have been educated in the National, or Lancastrian, or old Free Schools, and that there they have learned little beyond a pretty general acquaintance with the Holy Scriptures, writing, and the commonest element of arithmetic. But they are thrown into the world, and they find they must *think*, either to rise out of their own rank, or to be respectable amongst the class in which they were born. And how much better off, in point of real knowledge, are the sons of the middle classes, who at fifteen are placed in attorneys' offices, or behind the counters of the draper or the druggist? They have been taught to read and write; they have fagged at arithmetic for seven years, under the wretched old boarding-school system, without having attained the remotest conception of its philosophy; they are worse than ignorant of history and geography; of science they never heard, except when they saw Mr. Walker's 'Eidouranian' in the Christmas holidays; their literature is confined to a few corrupting novels, the bequest of the Minerva Press to the circulating library of the last age.

Shall we say that the children of the rich and the noble—*par excellence*, the *educated* classes—have nothing to learn? 'What is the best system of education in Europe?' said an anxious inquirer to Talleyrand. His answer was, 'The public education of England. *Elle est exécration.*' Why, then, should we talk of addressing popular literature to the *working classes* only? We *all* want popular literature; we all want to get at real and substantial knowledge by the most compendious processes. We are all too ignorant (except those with whom learning is the business of life) of the wonders of nature which we see around us—of the discoveries of science and philosophy—of our own minds—of the real history of past ages—of the manners and political condition of the other members of the great human family. Our acquaintance with our own noble literature is superficial and ill-digested; we have scarcely patience to winnow the corn from the husks. But we are all tasked, some by our worthless ambitions and engrossing pleasures—most by our necessary duties, by our daily labour, whether in professions, or trades, or handicraft. We are ashamed of our ignorance, we cannot remain in it; but we have not time to attain any sound knowledge upon the ancient principle

of reading doggedly through a miscellaneous library, even if we had the opportunity. The problem now to be solved is, how to accommodate the growing desire of all persons for solid information, to the overwhelming necessity which forces upon all persons to labour, almost to the utmost stretch of their faculties, in their peculiar vocations."

Again he refers to Lord Brougham : " Having received a note from Lord Brougham to come to his private room in the House of Lords, I had a very hurried interview. The time was expired for his moving in the House. The Mace and Purse were in the passage ; anxious ushers were about the door. ' I can only stay to say a word,' he exclaimed ; ' advertise Paley to-morrow morning.' He rushed along as nimbly as that officer of Elizabeth, of whom it was said—

' The grave Lord-Keeper led the brawls.'

The panting Mace-bearer ' toiled after him in vain.' I stepped out of the room, and saw the officials looking somewhat as the royal ushers of Versailles might have looked when shoe-strings heralded the Revolution, and Bastiles and buckles were doomed. I ventured to say to one of these solemn men in black, ' Is that quite regular ?' ' Regular, sir ? Oh dear ! The

last one was bad enough, but this one. Oh dear! Chaos was come again. I returned home, meditating as I went upon a new example of the versatility of genius. A Lord Chancellor who had been only a week on the woolsack—perplexed as we might have thought with the technicalities of Chancery, with which he was unfamiliar—the orator upon whom a great party mainly relied for carrying through schemes of improvement which were essentially necessary to maintain the power which they had won—that a man so burdened should resolve at the same time singly to undertake a labour which was best fitted for the abstracted student, seemed to me almost inexplicable. And yet the announcement which I sent forth was no idle flourish. The plan of the book had been conceived a year before, when it was thought that Mr. Brougham and several men of science might be induced to work together in its production. If I recollect rightly, there were some difficulties in completing such an arrangement. The sudden resolve of December, 1830, cut the knot of the difficulty, and so 'Paley's Natural Theology, with Notes and an Introductory Discourse by Henry Lord Brougham,' was advertised as in preparation. I had been astonished, and so was the world to be."

CHAPTER VI.

CHARLES KNIGHT was always an early riser, and of his walks in 1827, before the work of the day commenced, he writes—

“Glancing—in the intervals of my present task of reviving old memories—at the work of a poet who ought to be widely known (James Hedderwick), I find these lines—

‘Once as I stray’d, a student, happiest then,
What time the summer’s garniture was on,
Beneath the friendly shade of Kensington,
A girl I spied, whose years might number ten,
With full round eyes, and fair soft English face.’

“In such a season, when the sun was scarcely high enough to have dried up the dews of Kensington’s green alleys, as I passed along the broad central walk, I saw a group on the lawn before the palace, which, to my mind, was a vision of exquisite loveliness. The Duchess of Kent and her daughter, whose years then numbered nine, are breakfasting in the open air—a single page attending upon them at a

respectful distance—the matron looking on with eyes of love, whilst the ‘fair soft English face’ is bright with smiles. The world of fashion is not yet astir. Clerks and mechanics, passing onward to their occupations, are few; and they exhibit nothing of that vulgar curiosity which I think is more commonly found in the class of the merely rich, than in the ranks below them in the world’s estimation. What a beautiful characteristic it seemed to me of the training of this royal girl, that she should not have been taught to shrink from the public eye; that she should not have been burthened with a premature conception of her probably high destiny; that she should enjoy the freedom and simplicity of a child’s nature; that she should not be restrained when she starts up from the breakfast-table and runs to gather a flower in the adjoining parterre—that her merry laugh should be as fearless as the notes of the thrush in the groves around her. I passed on and blessed her; and I thank God that I have lived to see the golden fruits of such training.”

In January, 1833, the publication of the “Penny Cyclopædia” was commenced in numbers and monthly parts. Charles Knight says of it, “This work was entirely original. It was pro-

jected by myself and published under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. But the entire cost and risk was borne by me. The total cost for literature and engraving was £42,000."

This work and its Supplement was completed in 1846. It is hardly necessary at this date, when cyclopædias are by no means uncommon, to enter into a description of the "Penny Cyclopædia." The result to the originator of the work was the loss of £30,000. I give in his own words, written in "The Struggles of a Book against Excessive Taxation," published in 1850, what he believed to be the cause of his loss:—

"The 'Penny Cyclopædia' and its Supplement were completed in 1846. The two works contain 15,764 pages, and the quantity of paper required to produce a single copy is two reams, each weighing thirty-five pounds. At the period of its completion the entire quantity of paper consumed in the work was fifty thousand reams, the total weight of which amounted to one million seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds. Of this weight twenty thousand reams, or seven hundred thousand pounds, paid the excise duty of three-pence per pound, amounting to £8750; and the remaining thirty thousand reams paid the

reduced duty of three-halfpence per pound (commencing in 1837) upon one million and fifty thousand pounds, amounting to £6562. The total duty paid up to the completion of the 'Cyclopædia,' in 1846, was £15,312. Since that period, two thousand reams of paper have been used in reprinting, to correct the inequalities of the stock, making an addition of seventy thousand pounds, excised at £437. But further, the wrappers for the monthly parts have used fifteen hundred reams of paper, taxed at £500, and the milled boards employed in binding the volumes have been also taxed about £300. The total payment to the excise by the 'Penny Cyclopædia' has been £16,500. I propose to show—

"1st. That the excessive burthen upon the great work, to which I have devoted seventeen years of toil and anxiety, has been the primary cause that the enterprise has not yet been remunerative.

"2nd. That the continuance of the paper duty, at the present rate of three-halfpence per pound, prevents me undertaking the publication of a new and improved edition, *upon its first plan of a continuous alphabetical arrangement.*

"1. The positive burthen of £16,500 imposed by the State upon the publication of the

book, is far from representing the difficulty and loss which the payment has entailed upon the undertaking.

“It is well known that the amount of a duty upon raw material by no means represents the amount of the charge which it entails upon the manufacturer. Mr. MacCulloch and Mr. Porter rightly state that the price for a ream of one particular sort of printing paper was, in 1831, twenty-four shillings; in 1843, fifteen shillings and sixpence. From 1833 to 1837, the price of a ream of ‘Penny Cyclopædia’ paper was thirty-three shillings; from 1838 to 1846 it was twenty-four shillings. The difference in price was nine shillings per ream; the amount of reduced duty was four shillings and fourpence halfpenny. The papermakers and the stationers doubled the tax. Mr. Mill, in his ‘Principles of Political Economy,’ writes: ‘Whatever renders a larger capital necessary in any trade or business limits the competition in that business; and by giving something like a monopoly to a few dealers, enables them to keep up the price beyond what would afford the ordinary rate of profit.’

“But even at the reduced rate it has been satisfactorily shown by my fellow-labourers, the Messrs. Chambers, that the duty enters one-third

into price. Unfortunately, if the duty were now removed, I could buy a ream of similar paper for seventeen shillings. The tax, preventing competition and giving undue advantage to capitalists, had the effect of making me pay for my paper, from 1833 to 1837, sixteen shillings a ream more than the price of untaxed paper would be, or £16,000 upon twenty thousand reams; and from 1838 to 1846, seven shillings per ream more than I should otherwise have paid, which upon thirty thousand reams amounts to £10,500. The tax, therefore, operated as a burthen upon my publication to the extent of £26,500, during its long and difficult progress to completion. The paper since used for reprints, and the paper for wrappers, has been raised in price £2500 by the same process.

"The struggles of one book against excessive taxation are, up to this point, to be measured by a burthen of £29,000.

"But I have not yet done. The tax has been working against the 'Penny Cyclopædia' for seventeen years, in the chronic form of interest and compound interest.

"It was very long before the periodical sale settled into a regular quantity. The work became too extensive for the great bulk of purchasers. For the first few months of the

publication the sale was double what it was at the end of the year. The sale of the first year doubled that of the fourth year. The sale of the fourth year doubled that of the eighth year, and then it found its level and became steady to the end, reduced from fifty-five thousand at the commencement to twenty thousand at the conclusion. Every publisher of a periodical work knows the accumulation of stock that must inevitably take place with a falling demand. There never was a period after the third year of which I had less than five reams of the 'Penny Cyclopædia' in my warehouse; upon which duty had been paid for some portion at the high duty, and for some at the low, averaging £1500. In 1841 there were in my warehouse twelve hundred reams upon which the high duty, expiring in 1837, had been paid. I consider the accumulating interest in this investment, in actually paid duty, upon dead stock, to have amounted, in the seventeen years during which I have been labouring to sell that stock, to £1500, and including the interest upon the extra price charged by the paper manufacturer upon the duty to £3000.

"And here, then, will the usual conclusion arise, that the publisher has not borne this load of *thirty-two thousand pounds* imposed by the State

upon the 'Penny Cyclopædia,' but the purchasers of the 'Penny Cyclopædia.' My answer is very direct. Had that sum of £32,000 been actually saved to me, I should not have been a pound richer by the publication of the 'Penny Cyclopædia.' But with the saving I should not have been to that amount poorer. The outlay was so great, that it could never pay its expenses under a sale of thirty-six thousand copies with the high duty. In the first five years that average number was printed; but the accumulation of stock locked up £10,000. Under the low duty it paid its expenses at thirty thousand copies. The actual average sale during the nine years of that duty was twenty thousand. It would have required that there should have been no Paper Duty at all to have paid its expenses on a sale of twenty thousand. Had the duty not been reduced by one-half at the end of 1836, I could not, by any possibility, have carried on the work. As it was, I struggled to the end.

"2. The reduced Paper Duty, as I have undertaken to show, prevents me making the best use of the valuable copyright which remains to me, now that the accumulated stock is in great part exhausted.

"I was advised to propose a subscription for

an entirely new edition. The highest personage in the realm accorded me her support, and so did her admirable Consort, who is doing for Science and Industry what is worth far more than any money value. Some of the most eminent in the walks of intellect also came forward to aid me. Of the support of the members of the Legislature which taxed me during fourteen years, I have not much to boast. I have given up the design. Upon a sale that would have merely returned my new outlay, the Paper Duty would have burthened the work to the extent of £3000. Its abandonment would have lightened my task to the extent of making the work yield me as high a profit from three thousand subscribers as from four thousand subscribers with the duty continued. With this encouragement I should have gone on.

"There is a steady demand for the existing edition of the 'Penny Cyclopædia,' to the extent of two hundred and fifty sets annually. The Paper Duty prevents me meeting this demand with any moderate commercial profit. The technical explanation is not difficult to be understood:—If I print two hundred and fifty copies only, I use five hundred reams of paper, of which the duty is 4s. 6d. each, and the necessary increase

of manufacturer's price 2s. 6d., making a charge, arising out of the duty, of 7s. per ream, or £175 upon two hundred and fifty copies. But in printing only two hundred and fifty copies I have to pay for the press-work as high as 15s. per ream, whereas if I printed five hundred, I should only pay 10s. As the number of a book first printed increases, the cost of press-work or machine-work diminishes; and for this reason a tax upon the raw material of a book, paper, increasing the risk of printing a large impression, compels a smaller impression, at a higher cost. But if there were no Paper Duty I should print five hundred copies, by which I should save £350 in the price of paper, and £250 in the price of press-work, making a saving of £600. This outlay of £600 is imposed upon me absolutely by the existence of the Paper Duty; and that fact will possibly compel me to give up reprinting a book which has done more for the achievement of sound knowledge and general education in these kingdoms, than any work ever produced in any country. That £600 saved would afford me an income which would allow me to invest capital in such a reprint. Printing only two hundred and fifty copies at the present price of paper, a set of this book would cost me £1000. My net

profit upon that outlay would not be 10 per cent.

"And with all this danger and difficulty—with 'this lion in my path'—I am not yet beaten. I have my valuable copyright of the 'Penny Cyclopædia' remaining to me; and I have passed many an anxious hour, in seeing how I can best turn it to account. I am about to publish a series of separate cyclopædias, with large improvements, and I begin with a 'Cyclopædia of British Geography,' and a 'Cyclopædia of Arts and Industry.' Let me show the exact track which 'the lion in my path' drives me to seek; and then some of those legislators who find that a fashionable novel, sold at a guinea and a half, pays about fourpence paper duty, and thence conclude that it is the highest of taxes, and by all means should be preserved—especially as books, as they hold, are not necessities of life—some of those who

'Hate not learning worse than toad or asp,'

may know what it is to maintain a tax upon knowledge, struggling to preserve its high rank and its useful extension amidst the widest competition of cheapness.

"Upon these four volumes, estimated to contain about three thousand pages, I shall expend

£1500 upon new editorial labour. I shall further expend about £1000 upon new plates and maps. The printer's charge for setting up the types will be £800; and the cost of stereotyping will be £500. Add for advertising £200; and I have thus to expend £4000, as first outlay, whether I sell five hundred copies or five thousand. At the present cost of paper, three thousand copies (the least number I could print with advantage) will amount to £1500; the press-work will cost £500; total, £6000. The three thousand copies, produced upon this scale, will exactly cover my outlay, without a shilling profit. But let us see how the account would stand with the price of paper reduced one-third by the abolition of the duty. My course would then be to print four thousand copies, and not stereotype, which process is chiefly employed to save the outlay of capital in taxed paper. The first outlay is, therefore, £3500; the paper for four thousand copies, at the lower untaxed price, would cost me £1333; the press-work £600 (reduced per ream on account of the larger number). I produce, therefore, four thousand copies for £5433, instead of three thousand copies for £6000. I expend less by £567, and I have one thousand copies left to sell for my profit. I could sell four thousand

copies, under these circumstances, more easily than three thousand as I now stand, for I could afford to advertise more freely, and to offer higher inducements to retailers. This is something different from a fourpenny tax upon a fashionable novel."

CHAPTER VII.

THE "Biography of Shakspeare" and the various editions of his works edited by Charles Knight were amongst the pleasantest labours of his life. The enthusiasm he felt for everything relating to the poet's genius and career never left him, and to his latest day he loved to quote a line here and there from the writings he knew so well. As children, my brothers and sisters and I listened with perhaps more awe, than appreciation, to the quotations, which some chance reference in our idle talk would call forth from the lips of our keen-eyed and sharp-eared grandfather. He very seldom joined in ordinary conversation. When all around him were prattling, as people with the best intentions will prattle, he would sit with his head rather bent down, as if lost in thought; but, if any remark beyond the commonplace were uttered, be it by man, woman, or child, the head would be raised and the eye brighten at once, and words of wisdom would be spoken. It was

always a trial to him to put up with assumption and ignorance of any kind, and as children we were rather afraid of expressing our youthful opinion in his hearing, which was, no doubt, very good for us.

"The Library of Entertaining Knowledge," edited by Charles Knight, and in which he himself wrote several articles, was commenced in 1828; the *Penny Magazine*, which eventually numbered fourteen volumes, in 1832. In the same year was brought out "The Musical Library," containing works of classical composers; "The Pictorial Bible," a most beautiful and valuable work, followed by "The Pictorial Prayer-book," equally beautiful, were produced in 1838; "The Pictorial History of England," by G. L. Craik and C. Macfarlane, appeared in 1840; "London," with woodcuts, 1841; then came "The Penny Cyclopædia," followed by the Shakspeare. In 1841 were brought out "Journey Books of England," comprising guides to the various counties; in the same year, "The Store of Knowledge," on such subjects as Taxation, Post Office, Europe, the House, Mineral Kingdom, Schools, etc.; in 1844 "The Library for the Times," and so on.

In 1855 Charles Knight commenced his

"History of England," which was finished in 1862. This was perhaps the most arduous work of his life, and in some respects the most successful. Part of the preface I quote:—

"I wish to set down, with plainness and sincerity, the motives that induced me to undertake a new 'History of England,' and the objects I propose to myself in the task.

"In October, 1854, upon the occasion of Lord John Russell delivering an address at Bristol on the study of history, the following observations appeared in the *Times*:—

"'We have no other "History of England" than Hume's. The cool, scoffing philosopher, who could relate with unruffled temper the outrages of despotism, the vices of kings, and the extravagances of superstition, and reserved his criticisms for genius, and his sarcasms for zeal, still retains his place on our shelves and our tables. Goldsmith has put him out of boys' schools, and Mrs. Markham has hit on a style that does admirably for young ladies; but when a young man of eighteen asks for a "History of England," there is no resource but to give him Hume.'

"Many of the materials for 'The Popular History of England' had been collected and arranged before these remarks were published.

I had long desired to write a *History of the People*—a history which should not merely disport in 'a gay wilderness of anecdotes, manners and customs, furniture and fashions,' but should connect domestic matters with the course of public events and the political condition of the various classes of society. One observation of the accomplished journalist gave a definite character to this desire. I considered the '*young man of eighteen*' the representative of a very large class of readers in the present day—those of either sex who, with the average amount of intelligence that has now made us a reading people, have no superabundant leisure for pursuing the history of their country as a laborious and difficult study. The lawyer and the statesman cannot be satisfied with a compendious history; they must toil through much of the same mass of documentary material as that upon which the historical writer constructs his narrative. But for the great body of present readers even twenty octavo volumes constitute a formidable undertaking. Hume was compendious compared with Rapier. But when we are content to forget 'the scoffing philosopher' in the narrative powers of one of the most perfect masters of style, and can even patiently endure his studied perversions of historical evidence in

our wonder at the skill of the most subtle of casuists, we have yet to seek for a History of England. Hume gives us the history of our country in 1689. More than a century and a half of the most instructive history of modern times is to be sought in professed 'Continuations,' which, if they are free from the taint of Hume's manifold defects, have little claim to share the honour of his surpassing merits. Smollett takes up the narrative of Hume, and, with no great labour of research, finds his way through another seventy years. We have to choose between the 'Continuations' of Smollett for the history of nearly a century before we reach our own period. Looking at the bulk of these various performances which have been accustomed to travel in an ill-assorted companionship with Hume, we may ask if a history of proportionate dimensions is not wanting in our time? Above all, is not a *compendious* work, full without overflowing, and written upon an uniform plan, particularly needed 'when a young man of eighteen asks for a "History of England"?'

"In coming to a definite view of the nature of the book which I should desire to offer, I had no inducement to depart from my original design of writing a History of the People. Such a

history appears to me best suited for those who are putting on the duties of life, and looking forward to discharge them with a clear view of their rights and obligations, founded upon a comprehensive understanding of the past. But to avoid giving an impression that I was about to write the Domestic History of our Country, apart from its Public History, I determined to entitle my book, 'The Popular History of England.'

"Dr. Johnson, in conversation with Dr. Robertson, is related to have said: 'I have heard Henry's "History of Britain" well spoken of; I am told it is carried on in separate divisions, as the civil, the military, the religious history. I wish much to have one branch well done, and that is the history of manners of common life.' To this Robertson answered, 'Henry should have applied his attention to that alone, which is enough for any man.' Dr. Robertson, I presume to think, did not take a complete view of this subject. 'The history of manners, of common life,' is essentially dependent upon 'the civil, the military, the religious history' of a nation. Public events act upon the condition of a people, and the condition of a people interchangeably acts upon public events. But history, as it is generally written, deals too exclusively

with public events, and it is carried on too much 'in separate divisions.' We ought not only to chronicle the acts of sovereigns and statesmen, but we should 'read their history in a nation's eyes.' We should understand the inseparable connection between the State history and the domestic. When there is prosperous industry and fireside comfort, then, it may be assumed, there is good government; when labour is oppressed and homes are wretched, then, however powerful may be authority, and arms however triumphant, there is 'something rotten in the State.'

" Properly to trace this essential connection between government and people, we must look at history from a new point of view. We must put the people in the foreground. We must study events and institutions, not as abstract facts, but as influencing the condition of a whole nation.

'The monstrous creed of millions made for one'—

it is gone. Let us look at the 'millions' with another faith—the faith of our own times.

" The People, if I understand the term rightly, means the commons of these realms, and not any distinct class or section of the population. Ninety years ago, Goldsmith called the 'middle order of mankind' the 'People,' and those below them the 'Rabble.' We have outlived all this. A

century of thought and action has widened and deepened the foundation of the State. This People, then, want to find, in the history of this country, something more than a series of annals, either of policy or war. In connection with a faithful narrative of public affairs, they want to learn their own history, how they have grown out of slavery, out of feudal wrong, out of regal despotism, into constitutional liberty, and the position of the greatest estate of the realm. They want to know how the course of events, the principles of government, and the progress of all our social institutions, have affected their condition. They want to know how the discoveries of science, and the refinements of art and literature, have raised them in the moral and social scale. They want to know how the great work of the elevation of industry has progressed from age to age in past times, and from year to year in our times. They want to learn the history of the English home, as well as the history of the English State. . . .

"It is in the due admixture of the individual and the general that history should find the course of its highest duty—that of popular instruction. For myself, I may say that, having no pretension to aim at what is called the dignity of history;

not labouring to establish any preconceived theory of public good, beyond asserting the great principle of social progress ; and cherishing a disposition more to general tolerance than sectarian animosity, I aspire only to make the history of my country a connected narrative of the progress of the people of my country. If I accomplish this, I shall not be very careful about selecting facts that may specially vindicate 'philosophy teaching by example.' I shall tell fairly what I believe to be true, without concerning myself whether it offend or conciliate adverse opinions, political or religious. The time is long since past when the deposition of Richard II. was considered a dangerous precedent, as regarded the Crown ; and the time is not far distant when Dunstan and Becket may have a candid appreciation without a real or implied prostration before any principle of Church supremacy. All men who have had a marked influence upon their time demand to be exhibited in connection with the circumstances amidst which they operated. On the one hand, whatever may be the spirit of an age, individual worth and delinquency, wisdom and folly, reason and passion, have had very much to do in the advancement or retardation of that spirit. On the other hand, the spirit of an

age, however hidden or imperfectly seen, has always exercised a great control upon all individual action, for good or for evil. Gray, in his quality of a philosophical poet, has said that—

‘Love could teach a monarch to be wise,
And gospel-light first dawn’d from Bullen’s eyes.’

But out of the fierce passion of Henry, or the fatal ambition of Anne, no ‘gospel-light’ would have shone, had not Wickliffe and Luther banished some of the darkness that preceded the dawning.

“The one great fact that renders it so imperatively necessary that the Englishman should be familiar with the history of his country—not merely of its regal annals, but of all the varying aspects of society—is this: All that we justly pride ourselves upon, whether in our institution or our natural character, has resulted from the principle of growth, and not of creation. The history of every nation ‘has been in the main sequential.’ Each of its phases has been ‘the consequence of some prior phase, and the natural prelude of that which succeeded it.’ Most especially must this great principle be borne in mind—a principle which the writer now quoted, Samuel Lucas, M.A., terms ‘the new science’—in writing upon English history, with the advantage of our

modern additions to the materials of historical knowledge. It will be my first endeavour to keep this principle in view, in treating of our national history, civil and ecclesiastical, before the Conquest. The early history of the Anglican Church—its martyrdoms and its conversions, its humanizing influences of piety and learning, its rich endowments, its corruptions, its struggles for supremacy—is a history to be traced in all the subsequent elements of our ecclesiastical condition. Upon the Roman and Saxon civilization were founded many of the great principles of government which have preserved their vitality amongst us during the lapse of sixteen centuries. The Norman feudality could not destroy the municipal institutions which we derived from the one, nor weaken the spirit of personal liberty which we inherited from the others. The Norman despotism was absorbed by the Anglo-Saxon freedom; and feudality could only maintain itself by the recognition, however incomplete, of the equal rights of all men before the law. From the deposition of Richard the Second to the abdication of James the Second, every act of national existence was accomplished by the union of classes, and was founded upon some principle of legal right for which there was legal precedent; but of

the traditional and almost instinctive assertion of the popular privileges have come new developments of particular reforms, each adapted to its own age, but all springing out of that historical progress which we recognize as Constitutional. It is this step by step progress which renders it so imperative upon the modern historian not to leap over any one phase of national advance ; and thus it necessarily results that it being now seen that no portion of the country is unimportant, our earlier history must require an expanded treatment, if we would rightly comprehend the essential connection of every one of its parts as links of the same chain.

“ It may be desirable to indicate, very briefly, the general distribution of the several parts of this History. It will not be carried on ‘in separate divisions.’ It may be convenient to a writer to treat of a period under distinct heads, such as those adopted by Dr. Henry—Civil and Military, Ecclesiastical, Constitutional, Learning, Arts, Commerce, Manners ; but such an arrangement necessarily involves a large amount of prolixity and repetition. The intervals, also, at which the several divisions occur in works so conducted are much too long ; for, in a century and a half or two centuries, social changes are

usually so great, that the laws, learning, arts, and customs of the beginning of such a period have little in common with those of its conclusion. At convenient intervals, in this work, a chapter will follow the State History, in which these various aspects of society will be embraced. Thus, accompanying the early narrative, chapter iii. is devoted to such matters in connection with the Roman period, under the head of 'Condition of the Country at the End of the Third Century.' The same principle will be adopted at a marked point of the Saxon period; the same of the Norman; and so on to modern times. Neither will the distinction of reigns be so emphatically observed as is usual in our histories. The regnal years are most convenient chronological marks—as useful as milestones to the traveller. But as the traveller does not halt at each milestone to survey the country, so the historical reader should not be compelled to make a dead stop, when a second William succeeds to a first, or a third Edward to a second. Except in very remarkable cases, which may be called revolutionary, society undergoes little change at the immediate period of the accession of one Plantagenet to another Plantagenet, or even of a Stuart to a Tudor. The changes are gradual,

like those of the natural world. Great historical eras are as marked as the seasons. But as spring slides into summer, and autumn into winter, so we pass on from Domesday Book to the Charter of Liberties, and from the Conformity Bill to Catholic Emancipation, not by jumps from reign to reign, but by progressive scenes, in which others than sovereigns are conspicuous, and in which the accessories representing public opinion and society are of as much importance as the chief actors. . . ."

CHAPTER VIII.

AFTER finishing the "History of England," Charles Knight employed himself in writing a history of his own life, or rather, of his working life, for there is in it very little of personal matter. This was completed in 1864, and in 1865 there was brought out a one-volume book, called "Shadows of the Old Booksellers." In 1868 a selection was made from the great letter-writers, styled, "Half-Hours with the Best Letter-Writers and Autobiographers." In 1868 he prepared, for the last time, the *Companion to the Almanac* for the following year, and his concluding contribution to it was a paper on "Mural Records of Pedestrian Tourists."

Possessing a remarkably good memory, he could recall at once a passage in almost any work, and this faculty proved most useful to him when, his sight failing, he was forced to dictate what he wrote. He could direct with ease where such and such a quotation would be

found, or opinion stated. A quick worker, he was also a quick reader, and could glance down a page, and at first sight take in the salient points; and to him it was a weariness indeed when, unable to read himself, papers and books were read to him, and matters that he would have left out, or seen at once, patiently laboured over and carefully read out. Those who proved the greatest comfort to him were such as were able to make a wise selection for him.

His last original work was a one-volume novel, founded on historical facts, the composition of which gave him great pleasure. This was entirely dictated, and was supplied from his memory, his sight at the time being almost gone.

I can recall him, in later middle life, or earlier old age, as incessantly working. Nothing was ever allowed to interfere with his daily routine of writing, except his frequent attacks of illness, which would incapacitate him for only a day or two. Never a strong man, he was debarred from the pleasure of much social intercourse, although enjoying greatly the society of a few chosen friends. Amongst these may be mentioned, at various periods of his life, the names of Leigh Hunt, John Moultrie, Winthrop Mackworth Praed,

Barry St. Leger, De Quincey, Macaulay, Lord Brougham, the Coleridges, Archbishop Sumner, John Wilson Croker, Henry Malden, Augustus de Morgan, Professor Wilson, Professor Long, Professor Key, Miss Martineau, E. H. Locker, J. R. Planché, George Lillie Craik, Matthew Davenport Hill, Sir Rowland Hill, Thackeray—but with him the acquaintance was only slight—Charles Dickens, Douglas Jerrold, George Cruikshank, etc., etc. A strong attachment existed between Charles Knight and Douglas Jerrold. At a dinner-party at which they were both present, the conversation had turned upon epitaphs. Douglas Jerrold, on rising to take leave, said, shaking hands with Charles Knight, "We have given epitaphs for each one here; I will now give one to you—'Good (K)night.'" On the day of the great humourist's death, Charles Knight walked up and down in front of the house until the blinds were drawn down.

He thus speaks of Mr. De Quincey:—

"'Oh for one hour of Dundee!' One hour of De Quincey—better, three hours, from nine till midnight—for a rapt listener to be 'under the wand of a magician,' spell-bound by his wonderful affluence of talk, such as that of the fairy whose lips dropped rubies and diamonds. Many a night

have I, with my wife by my side, sat listening to the equable flow of his discourse, both of us utterly forgetting the usual regularity of our habits, and hearing the drowsy watchman's 'Past one o'clock' (for the old watchman then walked his round) before we parted."

As long as he could perform his daily task of work, Charles Knight was a happy man, in spite of almost sightless eyes and a constantly increasing bodily weakness. But there came a time when this was denied to him; only a short period, it is true, but there it was, absolute powerlessness for work—work which was life to him. Then was left to him one delight, the listening—for his hearing remained perfectly untouched—to a well-sung ballad, a simple English song, ancient and well remembered. And there would come to the aged face, bent down, with the eyes half closed and the long silvery hair thrown back from the high and wide forehead, a look once more of enjoyment and of interest. A modern ballad, "Wings," was a great favourite of his, and he added two verses to it—

"Wings, when my soul is weary,
With earthly care oppress,
Gently hovering near me,
On which to flee and rest.

"Wings, while the twilight lingers,
And the night is not yet here,
To bear me on to regions
Where no darkness is nor fear."

There had been little variety in Charles Knight's life, little leisure, little amusement; his was essentially a working life. But in a sense he was fond of change, never living for long together in the same place, taking, however, always the greatest interest in his native town, and being ever anxious to promote its well-being. The following is an instance of the good feeling which existed between him and his fellow-townsmen:—

"Eton, October 16, 1833.

"The Committee of the Windsor and Eton Library, to which Mr. Knight has kindly contributed, being desirous to continue a practice commenced by their President, Sir J. Herschel, of having a paper or lecture delivered at the general meetings of their subscribers, and understanding that Mr. Knight is in the neighbourhood of his native town, are led to hope that, from his long and intimate acquaintance and connection with literature in all its branches, he may not be unwilling to gratify the intended meeting of the society at the Town Hall,

Windsor, on Tuesday evening, the 26th inst., with something of the above nature.

"They beg to observe, that as many of the subscribers will be accompanied by the ladies of their families, and some of the subscribers indeed are females, it will not be required to be a very laboured or deeply learned composition; but they feel quite confident that Mr. Knight could not fail to render any subject connected with literature at once interesting and amusing. And if he can consent to their request, the Committee will feel highly gratified and obliged.

"DRAKE LEWIS, V.-P."

To this letter he replied :—

"Englefield Green, October 16, 1833.

"SIR,

"I feel much honoured by the request which you have communicated to me on the part of the Committee of the Windsor and Eton Library. It was with sincere pleasure that I heard of the foundation of your Institution, which to the humblest individual offered the means of improvement; and I have since received the highest gratification from the perusal of the enlightened address to the subscribers by

your distinguished President, Sir John Herschel. That address, as remarkable for the justness and completeness of its views, as for the felicity of its illustrations, has left a very narrow field to be traversed by any person who has to speak on the same subject to the same auditory. In my own case, I can only hope that an ardent desire to advance the general instruction of the people, and some experience in one of the modes by which it has been sought to render such knowledge acceptable to all, may compensate, in a small degree, for the absence of those qualities which are naturally expected in one who addresses a public meeting. Satisfied that I shall find a friendly audience in a town which is associated with my earliest and happiest recollections, I willingly accept the proposal of the Committee.

"I have the honour to remain,

"Your faithful and obedient servant,

"C. K.

"Drake Lewis, Esq.

"Vice-President of the Windsor and Eton Library."

On first removing from Windsor, he lived in Pall Mall; from there he moved to Brompton, then a countrified suburb; afterwards to Highgate; then to St. John's Wood, where he remained some

years. After that he went to Hampstead, and finally, in 1871, to Addlestone, in Surrey, where he remained until his death. Between 1860 and 1871, he spent much time at Ventnor, in the Isle of Wight, his youngest daughter requiring for her health a mild climate in the winter. These frequent flittings were a little inconvenient to his family, as he necessarily carried about with him a somewhat large library, which had to be arranged and put in order at once, and work commenced the first day of arrival at a fresh dwelling-place. A certain amount of picturesqueness in his surroundings was necessary to Charles Knight's happiness, but otherwise it mattered not to him where he was, or how situated, so long as he could have a study to work in daily for a certain number of hours. He travelled little—one or two visits to Paris, where, at the first International Exhibition, he was a juror; one or two visits to Germany, once in company with Professor Long, at another with my father and mother, before their marriage; one to Ireland with Douglas Jerrold; later on, a short tour with two of his daughters through parts of France, one or two visits to Scotland, and many short expeditions in England, completed his list of holidays.

During the time of enforced leisure which came to him in his latest days he returned to his habit of more than half a century before, of jotting down thoughts in a journal, or rather of having them jotted down for him, for the power of using his pen had almost entirely left him.

"*January 5, 1870.*—I have listened with great interest to the reports, in two Bristol papers, of proceedings in the Bankruptcy Court of that city, upon the retirement of my dear friend, Matthew Davenport Hill, from the office of Judge of that Court. It is nineteen years since he consulted me upon the offer made to him of this preferment. Although it appeared to me very inadequate tribute to his great merits, I counselled his acceptance of the proposal, in the belief that the day would come when some higher judicial office would be at his command. That day has not come ; and it is, perhaps, fortunate for my friend and his family that, in connection with his other position as Recorder of Birmingham, he has done as good service to the State as if the ermine had fallen upon his shoulders. His hard-earned repose will not be unprofitably spent. He has literary tastes and sympathies which will keep his mind fresh and vigorous. He will be surrounded by an affec-

tionate family and admiring friends, and his final retirement will call forth a spontaneous feeling more eloquent than any posthumous laudation :—

‘Thou thy daily work hast done,
Home art gone to take thy wages.’”

“*January* 8.—There was a time when the novels of Jane Austen were to me amongst the most interesting works of fiction. She had not the power of Scott to carry us back into remote eras, and to draw upon the legends of his country for the chief source of his wonderful pictures of the past, with a truth of characterization which appears very like instinctive knowledge. But Jane Austen, with very little approach to what we now call the sensational element of fiction, kept on our minds in the attitude of willing listeners to the most agreeable gossip. ‘*Mansfield Park*’ is certainly not one of the best of her performances, but I well remember, in the bygone times of which I have spoken, lying on a sofa, languid from temporary indisposition, but still feeling interest in the scenes and dialogues of the authoress, who was regarded as the legitimate successor of Fanny Burney and of Maria Edgeworth, and of others, perhaps, higher in intellectual vigour. Those were the days before

Dickens and Thackeray, the chief workers in a great revolution in modern fiction. But how is it that now, when to me knowledge at one outlet is quite shut out, 'Mansfield Park,' as read to me, appears somewhat wearisome? I cannot keep my attention alive to follow the almost interminable dialogues. I pine for narrative that may carry me on to some incident, new if not striking. The truth is that very few books will bear to be read aloud, especially to one whose faculties are somewhat dulled by advanced years. Once I could understand the tenor of a story in a rapid glance; now I must hear every sentence, however flat it may fall on my ear. I have lost the privilege of *skipping*. A compendious biography of Jane Austen revives the interest which was felt in her performances during her life, and long after her death. Macaulay does ample justice to her high creative power, as to which he places her on a level with Shakspeare. This is perhaps a little strong. But, nevertheless, I am willing to concede that her power of delineating character was almost without a parallel, especially in its entire freedom from exaggeration."

"*January* 10.—In Great Russell Street, near the British Museum, lived Charles Sylvester; he

had a son, John, who followed his father's profession of civil engineer. The father was a man of remarkable ability, and wrote some very able articles in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' It was some forty years ago that I became an occasional visitor at the house in Great Russell Street, and listened, with more admiration than knowledge, to the clear disquisitions of the elder Sylvester, and to his discussions with Hedman Whitwell, then an architect of great promise. Hither, also, came Thomas Creswick, an art student, and took his place in the family circle. Charles Sylvester had three daughters. Beauty had for the young artist more attraction than science, and it was pretty evident that Ann, the youngest daughter, was the object of his special attention. Years passed over before their mutual affection was consummated in their marriage. Ann was herself an artist by nature. She had a wonderful voice, and sang such old ballads as 'Sally in our Alley,' with a taste and pathos rarely excelled. In after years she became, probably under the instruction of her husband, a very accomplished painter of flowers and fruit. She is now left to bewail the loss of the being whose failing health she had watched for the last two years of a previously happy life.

He had attained to great eminence in the most charming branch of his profession. When not engaged in his studio, he was travelling through the most picturesque parts of England in search of those scenes of natural beauty which his truthful pencil has preserved to us, as a most faithful record of an England not entirely given up to railroads and brickmaking. Not the least part of his happiness was the perfect harmony in which he lived amongst his brother artists. During the last five or six years I had opportunities of accompanying him to look upon the performances, chiefly, of his brother Academicians, before they were sent for exhibition. Several of the most distinguished of the friends of Creswick have passed away. In his beautiful house in Linden Grove there were some choice specimens of modern English art; for his own professional success had enabled him to become what is called a 'patron.' He was of a free and generous nature, unspoiled by fortune and fame, with the characteristic simplicity which distinguished his earlier years. His love for his art was so absorbing that ten years ago, when illness, then become very serious, might have disqualified most men for any work, he laboured, at every moment of comparative ease, in finishing or elaborating some

of his performances, which had been put aside. At this period he was sometimes strong enough to go for a drive, of course in companionship with his devoted wife. On one of these occasions he brought me as a present a portrait of our common friend, Augustus Egg. This engraving gave me a vivid recollection of a man whom I had known before his health had failed under a wasting disease. Oh, how changed was the donor of the memento! Instead of the vigorous man, at whose board I had sat a year or two before, there was a wasted figure, wrapped in a cumbrous greatcoat, and a wan face, which was, however, still irradiated by the light of genius. He was one of the many friends that in the past year have gone before me to the house appointed for all living."

"*January* 14.—There is nothing more bewildering to an aged man than a plunge amidst old papers. If he come across any of his own compositions, especially very early ones, he is divided between the prudential advice of 'destroy' and the suggestion of dominant vanity, 'preserve.' . . ."

"*January* 19.—Scott's very interesting novel of 'Anne of Geierstein' has been read to me, and it has not lost any portion of its earlier interest

through any tediousness in its details. I was struck, as most of its readers must have been, by its graphic descriptions of Alpine scenery. In his introduction, Scott says, 'Although I have never visited Switzerland, and numerous mistakes must, of course, have occurred in my attempts to describe the local scenery of that romantic region, I must not conclude without a statement highly gratifying to myself, that the work met with a reception of more than usual cordiality among the descendants of the Alpine heroes whose manners I had ventured to treat of.' Sir Walter aspires to no such honour as was bestowed by a Norwegian traveller, who maintained that the local description in Miss Martineau's charming little volume of 'Feats on the Fiord' must have been derived from actual observation. This was not the case. But there is another point in this novel which I apprehend is not without significance at the present time. The secret tribunals of Westphalia, as described by the novelist—rather than by the diligent antiquarianism of Sir Francis Palgrave—appear to me to have furnished some dark hints of the summary proceedings of the Fenian Brotherhood of our own day. The parallel will not hold good in many particulars, but there are

striking resemblances in the social condition of Ireland and of old Westphalia, and in the modes in which illegal violence is made to override the calm dignity of equal law."

"*January 25th.*—My present most instructive and agreeable employment of a Sunday evening is to listen to one of the sermons of the late Frederick Robertson. These discourses have a charm for me far beyond that of ordinary sermons, which is perhaps due to the circumstance that they are the compositions of a man of a very high order of genius. Like every man possessing the highest power of human faculties, he is thoroughly in earnest. Beyond this, his range of knowledge is so extensive, that he illustrates every subject which he touches with the light of science and of mental philosophy. There was no walk of life in which his capacious mind would not have attained the highest distinction. He had the fire of a soldier united to the gentleness of a Christian. The circumstances which first made me acquainted with the remarkable productions of Frederick Robertson have strong hold on my memory. They are associated with the place in which I have recently read his works, and with the recollection of a very dear friend, who first introduced them to me. In company

with the Rev. James White, a resident at Bonchurch, I had been walking on a certain Sunday in the 'landslip' so well known to lovers of the picturesque. It was a hot summer afternoon, and my friend proposed to halt under the shade of a great mass of rock, surrounded by green turf. I have often since noticed that secluded spot, but always in connection with this particular Sunday. My friend brought from his pocket one of the volumes of Robertson's Sermons, published after his decease. James White was a most delightful reader, and thus he gave a peculiar interest to the remarkable discourse with which he then made me familiar. It was that sermon on 'The Glory of the Virgin Mother,' from which an over-zealous Protestant might have shrunk, even had he seen that it was followed by another discourse, on 'The Glory of the Divine Son.'

"The writings of Frederick Robertson, thus associated with the remembrance of one of my most cherished friendships, have, I trust, had some influence for good upon the course of my life; which has, I confess, been somewhat too exclusively occupied by worldly affairs."

"January 30th.—I have been reading 'Short Essays and Aphorisms,' by the author of 'Friends in Council.' Aphorisms are necessarily short,

but it requires no ordinary degree of courage to write a short essay. If brevity be the 'soul of wit' it is also significant of some higher mental quality than is necessary for the production of a *bon mot*. In these days nearly all literature has a tendency to run to extreme length. . . . It is the same with oratory. It has been held that the great art of a speaker is to put in a different form the same thought which he has previously enunciated. A popular audience requires to be thus kept awake to the subject before them. I am afraid that I myself should not have been quite so reticent if I had attempted anything after the fashion of this writer. For example, when he says, 'If we had the length of life which the patriarchs enjoyed, after we had learned everything that was to be learned, and had made a few discoveries of our own, and had arranged all our affairs most comfortably, there would not be time to spare,' I should have been tempted to have added, in the words of an old glee—

'Could a man be secure
That his life would endure,
As of old, for a thousand long years,
What deeds might he do,
What arts might he know,
And all without trouble or fears!'

The moral of the song is that—

'Since old Time won't for us stay,
We'll add the night unto the day,
And thus fill up the measure !'

What is tipsy jollity in the glee is biting satire in the short essay. The spare time was 'to be employed in carrying on a good wholesome feud with any of our neighbours, and for annoying the world generally by vexatious diplomacy and long wars.'"

These were nearly the last words Charles Knight dictated. Gradually all effort of mind became burdensome to him. He would listen to the reading of a letter from some old friend or acquaintance, and occasionally express a wish that such and such a message should be sent in answer, but otherwise his days were spent in a routine of merely keeping alive the fast-decaying faculties of mind and body.

At times, when his son, his sons-in-law, or his grandsons would pay him a visit, and talk to him of the news of the day, and of the work that was being accomplished in the fields, so dear to him, of learning and literature, the dim eyes would flash and the bowed head would be raised. But the revival was transitory. Turning to his ser-

vant, he would say, "Take me away." The echoes from the distant, busy world were fraught with too powerful memories for his failing energies to sustain.

And so the feeble light flickered, until very gradually it passed away altogether.

Charles Knight was buried at Windsor on the 14th of March, 1873, the eve of his eighty-third birthday, in his father's grave, near to the Castle, revered to him by early associations, and not far from the banks of the river he loved so well.*

In February, 1879, his wife was placed beside him, of whom, in 1864, he thus speaks at the end of his "Passages of a Working Life":—

"TO MY WIFE,

TO HER WHO HAS BEEN THE BEST FRIEND,
THE ADVISER, THE SYMPATHIZER, THE CONSOLER,
DURING HALF A CENTURY OF MY WORKING LIFE,

I DEDICATE THIS RECORD,

WITH A GRATEFUL HEART TO THE GIVER OF ALL GOOD."

Her grandmother was one of the Eliotts of Stobs, in Roxburghshire, and the courage which animated George Augustus Eliott, Lord Heath-

* He was born on March 15, 1791, and his mother was Mary, daughter of John Binfield, of Iver, Bucks. He died at Addlestone on the 9th of March, 1873.

field, the defender of Gibraltar, was not wanting in his grandniece, Sally Vinicombe. Her father was William Vinicombe, architect in London, the younger of the two sons of William Vinicombe, a country gentleman of Devonshire. The elder brother was Major-General George Elliott Vinicombe, who was appointed Lieutenant R.M. in 1777, Captain in 1794, and Lieutenant-Colonel in 1809, and who died in 1843.*

At the age of eighty-seven her slight form was upright, her calm, pale face almost unwrinkled, and the light in the gentle eyes still bright. Seated at the head of her table in a high-backed chair, she carved for her guests with old-fashioned courtesy, and loved to entertain not only the brilliant and the well-informed, but the homeless, the lonely, and the ignorant. Until a day or two before her death, her interest in her children and grandchildren and numerous friends was unceasing. The wife of one of her grandsons writes, "The sweetest old lady I ever knew." Unselfish to a remarkable degree, endowed with great common sense, high-spirited, and with a strong power of endurance and hopefulness, she never gave up a sinking cause or an erring

* Her mother was one of the four daughters of James Rhodes, of Bruton Street.

person. She spent the last day of her life with her family. When the time came for her to leave them for the night, she raised herself slightly in her chair, and, looking round at each one, said quietly, "*Good-bye.*"

Charles Knight's eldest son died in infancy. Of the son and the five daughters who lived, only one survives, Sara, the widow of Charles Féral Tarver, M.A., Rector of Stisted, Essex, and Canon of Chester Cathedral.

These lines, written by Mr. Tom Taylor, appeared in *Punch* after Charles Knight's death:—

"CHARLES KNIGHT.

"Born 1791; died 1873.

"White head, keen eye, kind smile, that we no more
Shall greet in its earned eve of lettered lore;
One of the truest aids of Captain Pen,
Who bore his flag of 'Peace, good will to men,'
Foremost and furthest of his sacred band,
Leagued to spread light of letters through the land.
And sure a hope forlorn they might be deemed,
Who of assault on that strong fortress dreamed,
Where, guarded close by Prejudice and Pride,
Contented Ignorance such foes defied.

"Long was the leaguer, toilsome, large of cost,
And oft the cause to fainter hearts seemed lost,
But he was of those sanguine, cheery souls
Who through the races' dust still sees the goals;

Still his strong frame was toughest braced for toil,
His hand still darkest with the seemly soil
Of the black press, from whose ink-streams a light
Was yet to radiate through England's night.
Ofttimes the fuel wellnigh failed his flame,
And Ruin stood between him and his aim,
But manfully he grappled the grim foe,
Nor ever yielded sword, though oft struck low.
And his reward was that he lived to see
Cheap letters broadcast sown, and Knowledge free!

• • • • •
Stout, life-long fighter, as he was, for light,
His soul, if keen, was ever kind and bright,
Cordial and constant—so that truth may say
No truer, manlier man e'er passed away.
None that to all of his best gladlier gave,
None worthier of a song-word o'er his grave."

LETTERS.

THESE are a few letters which were written to my mother :—

"7, Pall Mall East, London, March 18, 1824.

"MY DEAR MARY,

"I am very glad to hear from yourself, and from your grandpapa, that you are well and happy. Mamma sent you a letter yesterday, which I hope has afforded you pleasure—more pleasure even than the sweet trash which accompanied it. We are all staying here, and we manage very well. Mamma is come to help me with my work, and we write and read at night till baby wakes, which is generally before twelve o'clock. I am very busy in three or four ways, and I feel it very kind of mamma to put up with the inconvenience of so small a place, that I may have the comfort and assistance of her society.

"I shall come home to see you on Saturday, and we shall dine together on Sunday. While I am away mamma will go back to Maida Hill.

"I hope you will continue a good girl, for your own sake and the comfort of others. Give my love to my dear father and to Margaret, with remembrances to * * *, and believe me,

"My dear Mary,

"Your truly affectionate father,

"CHAS. KNIGHT."

"Rouen, Thursday, Sept. 1, 1825.

"MY DEAREST MARY,

"I promised your mamma that I would write to you before I left France, and I have great pleasure in fulfilling that promise. I anticipate much future happiness in writing to, and receiving letters from you; and as you advance in the ability to express your thoughts with clearness and elegance, new subjects of correspondence will open upon us, in which we shall both take a deep interest.

"The last letter I wrote home was on Monday last, on which day we quitted Paris. We were detained, however, several hours for our passports; for this is not a country of liberty, like England, where they are not so much troubled by them, and do

what they please, as long as they do not injure their neighbours. Here people cannot stir without leave from the Government; they are watched wherever they go; and every public place is full of soldiers of the police. As you grow older, amongst the other blessings for which you will return thanks to God, will be that of being born an English girl—a native of the freest, the most enlightened, and the most virtuous country on the face of the earth.

“Every one that travels with right feelings will learn the more to love his own country, without despising others. There is a great deal here to admire and imitate. I hope to have the happiness of bringing you to France in four or five years, when Mr. Tarver shall have made you speak French as well as Miss Legh, which will be no very easy task, and when your taste shall have become as cultivated as hers, which must depend greatly on yourself. To travel without the ability to be improved by what is seen is a waste of time and money; but to travel with that previous exercise of the understanding which makes one feel and relish the beauties of nature and of art, is the highest pleasure. I am most fortunate in having companions who have never mis-employed their time, and I mention this that

you may know the value of every moment of your youth.

"Tuesday is, I think, my dear girl's birthday, when I hope to meet her and all the members of our happy home. May God bless you all.

"Your ever affectionate father,
"CHAS. KNIGHT."

"Derby, Tuesday, June 24, 1828.

"MY DEAREST MARY,

"I have not a whole sheet of paper left, so that I cannot write a very long letter if I had time. I began to keep a sort of journal for you; but I found my business so pressing, and my attention so constantly occupied, that I could not pursue the plan, and you must hear from me an account of the many wonders I have seen when I have the happiness to be home again.

"On Thursday, quite by accident, John Sylvester and I met in the streets, and I was so happy to light upon a friend, after being so long amongst strangers, that I hardly knew how to contain myself. We went out that day to a grand public dinner, where the Mayor of this large and pretty town sat on one side of the chairman, and I on the other; and for this honour,

etc., I had to make a long speech. I had worked so hard at Manchester and other places, that I was glad of a little quiet, and therefore on Friday last went with John, who is a dear, kind-hearted fellow, to Matlock, one of the most beautiful places in the world, where I spent the happiest day I *could* spend without the society of my own dear family. There I laid out a little silver in some of the curiosities of the place, which will come to you (with other things) in a box with this, and which I beg you will distribute. * * *

"Tell Miss Orton that I bought the basket at the Blind Asylum at Liverpool, where there are one hundred blind people taught to work at different trades, and to play on the organ and piano. I heard them sing several anthems and Luther's Hymn, and it was the most affecting thing I ever witnessed. The basket was made, from first to last, by two blind young women. I saw them at work upon them.

"Your kind friends, Whitwell or Sylvester, will explain to you the different qualities of the minerals which I send. Some of them we picked up among the rocks at Matlock. All these things are calculated to lead young minds forward to examine the infinite wonders of Nature, which are equally striking and instructive, whether

they are beheld in their grandeur, such as in seas and mountains, or in their minute beauty, such as in shells and flowers.

"Speaking of flowers, I send you some wild ones, which we gathered on the top of a rock, called the High Tor, which is higher than St. Paul's, and which I summoned courage to look over and see the river Derwent rolling rapidly at its feet.

"I am going to Nottingham to-morrow ; and I trust that I shall be home the beginning of next week.

"God bless you, my dearest Mary.

"Ever your affectionate father,

"CHAS. KNIGHT."

"Camden Crescent, Dover, August 10, 1852.

"MY DEAR MARY,

"I have been talking with Mrs. Dickens about your governess plans ; and the conversation arose from Mdle. St. Amand, the governess of her daughters, dining with us on Sunday. She has lived some years in England, speaks English well, has a perfect French accent, is a lady of most varied accomplishments, and can undertake the entire charges of education. She is just now in want of an afternoon engagement,

attending at Tavistock House in the morning. Mdlle. St. A. lives in your immediate neighbourhood. I don't exactly know what your plans are, but, at any rate, I thought it best to write at once.

"My kind friends would not let me leave this morning, or I might perchance have halted at Littlehampton this afternoon, on my way to Bonchurch. To-morrow I must go straight through.

"Loves and kisses to all from Willie downwards. God bless you, dear Mary.

"C. K."

Charles Dickens and Douglas Jerrold were amongst the most valued of the friends of Charles Knight's later life. The letters from Mr. Dickens are inserted by permission of his executrix, Miss Hogarth, several of them having previously appeared in the "Letters of Charles Dickens," edited by her and by Miss Dickens.

"9, Osnaburgh Terrace, Fourth June, 1844.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Many thanks for your proof, and for your truly gratifying mention of my name. I think the subject excellently chosen, the intro-

duction exactly what it should be, the allusion to the International Copyright question most honourable and manly, and the whole scheme full of the highest interest. I had already seen your prospectus, and if I can be of the feeblest use in advancing a project so intimately connected with an end on which my heart is set—the liberal education of the people—I shall be sincerely glad. All good wishes and success attend you !

“ Believe me always faithfully yours,

“ CHARLES DICKENS.”

“ Devonshire Terrace, Saturday,

“ Thirteenth April, 1846.

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ Do you recollect sending me your biography of Shakespeare last autumn, and my not acknowledging its receipt ? I do, with remorse.

“ The truth is, that I took it out of town with me, read it with great pleasure as a charming piece of honest enthusiasm and perseverance, kept it by me, came home, meant to say all manner of things to you, suffered the time to go by, got ashamed, thought of speaking to you, never saw you, felt it heavy on my mind, and

now fling off the load by thanking you heartily, and hoping you will not think it too late.

"Always believe me faithfully yours,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

"Devonshire Terrace, Eighth February, 1850.

"MY DEAR KNIGHT,

"Let me thank you in the heartiest manner for your most kind and gratifying mention of me in your able pamphlet. It gives me great pleasure, and I sincerely feel it.

"I quite agree with you in all you say so well of the injustice and impolicy of this excessive taxation.* But when I think of the condition of the great mass of the people, I fear that I could hardly find the heart to press for justice in this respect, before the window-duty is removed. They cannot read without light. They cannot have an average chance of life and health without it. Much as we feel our wrong, I fear that they feel this wrong more, and that the things just done in this wise must bear a new physical existence.

"I never see you, and begin to think we must have another play—say in Cornwall—expressly to bring us together.

"Very faithfully yours,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

* The duty on paper.

" Broadstairs, Kent, Sunday,

" Twenty-seventh July, 1851.

" MY DEAR KNIGHT,

" A most excellent Shadow! * I have sent it up to the printer, and Wills is to send you a proof. Will you look carefully at all the earlier part, where the use of the past tense instead of the present a little hurts the picturesque effect? I understand each phase of the thing to be *always a thing present before the mind's eye*—a shadow passing before it. Whatever is done, must be *doing*. Is it not so? For example, if I did the Shadow of Robinson Crusoe, I should not say he *was* a boy at Hull when his father lectured him about going to sea, and so forth; but he *is* a boy at Hull. There he is, in that particular Shadow, eternally a boy at Hull; his life to me is a series of shadows, but there is no 'was' in the case. If I choose to go to his manhood, I can. These shadows don't change as realities do. No phase of his existence passes away, if I choose to bring it to this unsubstantial and delightful life, the only death of which, to me, is *my* death, and thus he is immortal to unnumbered thousands. If I am

* Charles Knight was writing a series of papers in *Household Words*, called "Shadows."

right, will you look at the proof through the first third or half of the papers, and see whether the Factor comes before us in that way? If not, it is merely the alteration of the verb here and there that is requisite.

"I cannot say that I derive a comfortable impression of — from his note, or that I think him easy to be hopefully assisted; but I am ashamed of building up any opinion on such slight premises. He writes about his books rather as if he saw his future biography in his mind's eye, with this letter in it. Is it so? or am I a Beast whom begging-letter writers have made out of a Beautiful Prince?

"You say you are coming down to look for a place next week. Now, Jerrold says he is coming on Thursday, by the cheap express at half-past twelve, to return with me for the play early on Monday morning. Can't you make that a holiday too? I have promised him our only spare bed, but we'll find you a bed hard by, and shall be delighted 'to eat and drink you,' as an American once wrote to me. We will make expeditions to Herne Bay, Canterbury, where not? and drink deep draughts of fresh air. Come! They are beginning to cut the corn. You will never see the country so pretty. If

you stay in town these days, you'll do nothing.
Say you'll come.

"Ever affectionately,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

"Tavistock House, Twenty-ninth June, 1852.

"MY DEAR KNIGHT,

"A thousand thanks for the Shadow,
which is charming. May you often go (out of
town) and do likewise!

"I dined with Charles Kemble yesterday, to
meet Emil Devrient, the German actor. He
said (Devrient is my antecedent) that Ophelia
spoke the snatches of ballads in their German
version of *Hamlet* because they didn't know
the airs. Tom Taylor said that you had pub-
lished the airs in your 'Shakespeare.' I said
that if it were so, I knew you would be happy
to place them at the Germans' service. If you
have got them and will send them to me, I will
write to Devrient (who knows no English) a
French explanation and reminder of the circum-
stance, and will tell him that you responded like
a man and a—I was going to say publisher,
but you are nothing of the sort, except as

Tonson.* Then, indeed, you are every inch a pub.!"

"10, Camden Crescent, Dover,

"Sunday, First August, 1852.

"MY DEAR KNIGHT,

"I don't see why you should go to the Ship, and I won't stand it. *The* state apartment will be occupied by the Duke of Middlesex† (whom I think you know), but we can easily get a bed for you hard by. Therefore you will please to drive *here* next Saturday evening. My regular dinner-hour is $\frac{1}{4}$ past 5. If you are later, you will find something ready for you.

"If you go on in that way about your part, I shall think you want to play Mr. Gabblewig.‡ Your *role*, though a small one on the stage, is a large one off it, and no man is more important to the Guild,§ both on and off.

* Charles Knight played the part of "Jacob Tonson," a scheming publisher in the days of Sir Robert Walpole, in a comedy written by Sir E. B. Lytton, called *Not so bad as we seem*, and performed by Mr. Dickens and other amateur actors for the benefit of an Institution to be founded at Knobworth for needy Authors and Artists.

† The character played by Mr. Frank Stone in *Not so bad as we seem*.

‡ The part played by Mr. Dickens in a farce written by him and by Mr. Mark Lemon, called *Mr. Nightingale's Diary*, in which he personated five or six different characters, also for the benefit of the Institution at Knobworth.

§ The Guild of Literature and Art.

"My dear friend Watson! Dead, after an illness of four days! He dined with me this day three weeks. I loved him in my heart, and cannot think of him without tears.

"Ever affectionately yours,

"C. D.

"Charles Knight, Esq."

"Tavistock House, Thirtieth January, 1854.

"MY DEAR KNIGHT,

"Indeed there is no fear of my thinking you the owner of a cold heart. I am more than three parts disposed, however, to be ferocious with you for ever writing down such a preposterous truism.

"My satire is against those who see figures and averages, and nothing else—the representatives of the wickedest and most enormous vice of this time; the men who, through long years to come, will do more to damage the real useful truths of political economy than I could (if I tried) in my whole life; the addled heads who would take the average of cold in the Crimea during twelve months as a reason for clothing a soldier in nankeens on a night when he would be frozen to death in fur, and who would comfort the labourer in travelling twelve miles a day to and

from his work, by telling him that the average distance of one inhabited place from another in the whole area of England, is not more than four miles. Bah! What have you to do with these?

"I shall put the book upon a private shelf (after reading it) by 'Once upon a time.' I should have buried my pipe of peace and sent you this blast of my war-horn three or four days ago, but that I had been reading to a little audience of three thousand five hundred at Bradford.

"Ever affectionately yours,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

"Tavistock House, Seventeenth March, 1854.

"MY DEAR KNIGHT,

"I have read the article with much interest. It is most conscientiously done, and presents a great mass of curious information condensed into a surprisingly small space.

"I have made a slight note or two here and there, with a soft pencil, so that a touch of india-rubber will make all blank again.

"And I earnestly entreat your attention to the point (I have been working upon it, weeks

past, in 'Hard Times') which I have jocosely suggested on the last page but one. The English are, so far as I know, the hardest-worked people on whom the sun shines. Be content if, in their wretched intervals of pleasure, they read for amusement and do not worse. They are born at the oar, and they live and die at it. Good God, what would we have of them!

"Affectionately yours always,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

For several years it was the custom for Mr. and Mrs. Dickens and Miss Hogarth to dine with Charles Knight on his birthday, the 15th of March.

"49, Champs Élysées, Paris,

"Thursday, Sixth March, 1856.

"MY DEAR KNIGHT,

"Of *course* I shall be with you on Saturday. Please God, at six o'clock, with his usual punctuality and his invariably pleasant face, the remarkable man will appear.

"My ladies will be here and must drink your health here; but they send all sorts of regards and kindest wishes to all your house, in which I cordially join. . . ."

" 16, Hyde Park Gate South, W.,

" Thursday, Twenty-seventh February, 1862.

" MY DEAR KNIGHT,

" We shall be delighted to come to you on the Fifteenth of March. I had already set the day apart before receiving your letter.

" When you begin to take your ease by the fireside (though I don't think you ever will, for you will always 'be up to something' with that spare frame of yours) I shall be most heartily glad to be re-read in those days by my old friend. As to walking, sheer idleness has come upon you, for when I last saw you going on before me down the Strand, I thought it was Deerfoot in European costume.

" I was staying with Macready the other day—who is just your age, and evidently going to have a large new family—and I said to him what I must now beg to repeat to you. That is, that I cannot endure the boastfulness of you seventy gunships, always talking about laying yourselves up in ordinary and other such-like brag! You never hear us young fellows vaunting ourselves in that way. We accept our robustness gracefully and bear it meekly; but you are so fearfully conceited in those pretences of growing old when you know better. . . ."

"Office of *All the Year Round*,

"Wednesday, Fourth March, 1863.

"MY DEAR CHARLES KNIGHT,

"At a quarter to seven on Monday, the sixteenth, a stately form will be descried breathing birthday cordialities and affectionate amenities, as it descends the broken and gently dipping ground by which the level country of the Clifton Road is attained. A practised eye will be able to discern two humble figures in attendance, which, from their flowing crinolines, may, without exposing the prophet to the imputation of rashness, be predicted to be women. Though certes their importance, absorbed and as it were swallowed up in the illustrious bearing and determined purpose of the maturer stranger, will not enthrall the gaze that wanders over the forest of San Giovanni as the night gathers in.

"Ever affectionately,

"S. P. R. JAMES."

"57, Gloster Place, Hyde Park Gardens, London, W.,

"Tuesday, First March, 1864.

"MY DEAR KNIGHT,

"We knew of your being in the Isle of Wight, and had said that we should have, this year, to drink your health in your absence. Rely

on my being always ready and happy to renew our old friendship in the flesh. In the spirit it needs no renewal, because it has no break.

"My poor boy was on his way home from an up-country station on sick leave. He had been very ill, but was not so at the time. He was talking to some brother officers in the Calcutta Hospital about his preparations for home, when he suddenly became excited, had a rush of blood from the mouth, and was dead.

"My 'Working Life' is resolving itself for the present into another book, in twenty green leaves. You work like a Trojan at Ventnor—but you do that everywhere, and that's why you are so young.

"Mary and Georgina unite in kindest regards to you, and to Mrs. Knight, and to your daughters. So do I.

"And I remain, my dear Knight,

"Affectionately yours,

"CHARLES DICKENS.

"Serene View! what a placid address!"

The following letter was written to express sympathy with Charles Knight in the illness of his eldest daughter, my mother, who died in December, 1864 :—

"Gad's Hill Place, Higham by Rochester, Kent,
"Tuesday, Twenty-ninth November, 1864.

"MY DEAR KNIGHT,

"I am very truly sorry to find your letter on returning to-day from a French holiday. Georgina (Mary being with Mrs. White) unites with me in affectionate and sympathetic regard to Mrs. Knight and to you. I follow you in your 'Working Life,' and in all your life, as a loving old friend should, and am ever,

"Your faithful

"CHARLES DICKENS."

These letters of Mr. Jerrold's are hard to decipher, the writing being very small and on small scraps of paper. The date of the year is not given.

"142, Rue Boston, Boulogne-sur-Mer,
"August 30.

"MY DEAR KNIGHT,

"I have been about to write to you to try to persuade you here for a little holiday; and now I should be very sorry to see you, for this place seems plague-stricken. Whilst I write poor A'Beckett is on his death-bed; *no* hope. I expect to hear every moment of his departure.

His boy, a fine youth of fourteen, was seized some ten days ago with putrid sore-throat, and yesterday he was *buried*. Dickens has sent all his children away, and leaves himself with Georgy on Thursday.

"A'Beckett, a fortnight since, arrived here from Paris, which he visited for a week only. He found his boy ill, became ill himself, in a day or two took to his bed, and is now—— Never did sudden desolation fall more suddenly upon a more united or a more happy family. Poor Mrs. A'Beckett! her conduct has been, even for a wife, and that's saying much, most self-devoted, most heroic. She leaves to-morrow for home, and what a home!

"We are tolerably well, but shall leave in a few days. The place has now a sepulchral taint. I never knew poor A'Beckett looking so strong and hearty as when I met him here. 'What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!' God bless you all.

"Truly yours,

"D. JERROLD.

"Sunday Morning.

"I open the letter to give the last sad news. Poor A'Beckett *died* last night at six."

"Wednesday, 11 night!

"MY DEAR KNIGHT,

"I will be with you on the 21st, but shall hope to see you on Saturday night: however, don't wait; as I may be kept at Glass Palace, where I've to meet Paxton. I'm stunned and stupefied by the weather; with an inside lining of fog; and I've got to write—that is, *expected* to do so—with the point of a sunbeam a certain fairy tale; which your little friends are sniffing over. However, after Xmas, won't we have some holiday? . . . " *

"Putney, August 11.

"MY DEAR KNIGHT,

"A fiend of darkness or a spirit of light has, I incline to believe, assumed my form (which of the two do you think it would best fit?), and is going up and down, seeking what dinner it may devour. We are dwelling in the green wildness of Putney, and receive assurance that I am in Paris. If really there in any shape, I hope I am behaving myself. I have been only once to town since I saw you. All London is

* The remainder of this letter, and of the two following letters, is of no general interest.

in my present thoughts a reeking graveyard; pray you, avoid it. Sit in your wicker-chair, get your wife and daughters to cover your thistle-down with vine-leaves, and quaff imaginary quarts of nut-brown—since the real, however particular, is denied you.

“Nothing stirring in London but the cholera and murder. It will be proved that certain proprietors of Sunday newspapers hired the resented Mannings to murder Fergus O'Connor. The *Observer* intends to present the deceased man and wife, when duly hanged, with two silver coffin-plates. They are now to be seen at the office (with blanks for date of demise) on purchase of a paper. But don't let even *this* bring you to town.

“Do you stay another week? If so, at the risk of crowding you (I have but a little body, as Queen Mary said of her neck), I will come to-morrow week, if I can return on the Sunday. I can sleep anywhere—upon a boot-jack or a knife-board.

“Mind you insist upon your wife to insist upon your remaining from St. Bride's. Go to the top of Box Hill, and, 'with nostril well-upturned, scent the murky air' of London—and keep away from it.

"Remember me to Mrs. Knight and daughters single and double. Mr. Kerr (is there one or too many here? if so, I'll take it back) talked some eloquent Gaelic about some whiskey. . . ."

"Sunday.

"I never really complained of Eastbourne in an impatient spirit. Last night, some hour after the foregoing was in ink, I received a deputation of housebreakers—real, earnest housebreakers. It was a great compliment, I conceive, to our air-drawn plate-chest. They attempted an entrance at the servant's bedroom, but without effect, breaking a pane of glass in the attempt to force the sash. Unhappily, Ned's gun got up without more than one night-cap, so one pop was all that was permitted. We sat up till four, had the late police, and I now hope for the best. A desperate *Lewes* gang (only think of the name!) have prowled about these parts. Twelve out of thirteen *known* have recently been transported. The policeman X tells me that our friends of last night were no doubt a remnant of Israel. After all, Eastbourne is not *so* bad.

"Wife much frightened, but Polly quite a Maid of Saragossa. We made a fire, and, with a thought of Bailie Jarvie, I put in two pokers

to air ; but the ungrateful burglars did not return for them."

* " Melford, July 14, 1821.

" DEAR SIR,

" . . . I presume you will be aware of a paper which I sent Mr. Street two posts ago. I yesterday sent him an addition to it which is very striking. I wished you to publish it in a six-penny pamphlet after it had appeared in the *Courier* or *Guardian*. Of course you are quite right to soften what seems hard or even harsh. I never regret such alterations, and I should not write with ease if I did not think you would exercise your pruning-knife freely.

" I enclose you a few stanzas ; perhaps the last is too serious, but a serious conclusion on a subject so serious appears to me effective—a kind of attempt at combining pleasantry and pathos, which, when successful, is very admirable.

" Yours faithfully,

" J. W. CROKER.

" Tell Mr. Locker I have written about the review of your monthly pamphlet. I have no number since the fifth."

* Dr. J. W. Croker was a staunch friend to Charles Knight from his early to his later days.

The following letters, written in 1823, are on the subject of Charles Knight's magazine, called *Knight's Quarterly Magazine* :—

"Namstead Lodge, Wednesday.

"DEAR KNIGHT,

"As you are probably busy on your first number, and anxious to know what contributions you may expect, I write hastily to tell you that I have nearly finished the first canto of a Beppo poem, which I hope to send you in five or six days. It will be terribly long (not less, I am afraid, than one hundred and twenty stanzas). If you find it too long for the magazine send it on to Derwent Coleridge, at Cambridge. If I finish the poem (as I probably shall) there will be two or three more cantos. You are not, I hope, so mealy-mouthed an editor as Praed, for though there is nothing really objectionable in it, yet there are two or three passages which I am sure would never have found their way into the *Etonian*. Let it be honoured with elegant types, for it is growing a favourite with me, though, perhaps, not really equal to either 'Godiva' or '——.' I should like to correct the proofs myself. Let me have them if possible,

and I. will not detain them more than one evening.

"In a great hurry,

"I remain, yours sincerely,

"MOULTRIE.

"P.S.—I am decidedly in favour of *The English Magazine*. I am sorry that I am unable, from haste, to get this franked."

"Eton, Wednesday night.

"DEAR KNIGHT,

"I have in vain attempted to resume my task. In the present state of my engagements and of my intellects it is impossible that I should proceed with it. I am sorry to say that I cannot promise you any material assistance for this number. Perhaps I may find a sonnet or two that will do for what you will, but composition is out of the question; nor can I even engage, at present, to alter music. My present inclination respecting 'Tryamour' is to employ the Easter holidays in writing a fourth canto, and making a revision of the whole, with immense alterations, curtailments, and (of course) improvements to be published separately in May. After that time I am resolved not to be pestered with any more nonsense of the kind, and I heartily

wish the task were well off my hands. Tell me your opinion on the subject.

"I shall certainly be in town on Saturday, and, in all probability, return to Eton the same night. I will endeavour to call in Pall Mall between the hours of one and three.

"Yours sincerely,

"MOULTRIE.

"P.S.—The best part of canto iv., already written, is a description of the terrace with a catalogue of Windsor beauties. Have you a mind to insert it in the *Windsor Express* next week?"

"Combe Abbey, Monday, December, 1823.

"DEAR KNIGHT,

"The remainder of the canto will arrive in Coventry this evening by either the Holyhead coach or the Shamrock—most probably the latter, as I think it stops at the Golden Cross, which, I take it, is the nearest inn to your house. It will be in town as soon as this letter, and, therefore, if you do not receive it so soon, you had better inquire for it without delay.

"As there will not be time for me to correct the remaining proofs myself, let me request that you will pay the utmost attention to them. It is a dismally long canto, but after the hundredth

stanza I could not well contract it. There is a small slap at the moral world which you will not like, but which I cannot afford to part with, and it is balanced by the abuse of the cockneys in canto ii. I meant to have given a bit of errata in the last canto, but they consist chiefly of errors in punctuation which it is too troublesome to detail. . . .

"As soon as the number is out (or before, if possible) send me two copies to Belmont, Shrewsbury, and a third, with my compliments, to Miss Kelsall, 67, Great Portland Street, London. I am woefully sick of, and (*par conséquence*) disgusted with, this canto. To transcribe, as well as to compose, one hundred and five stanzas in ten days is tremendous work. Nevertheless, I still think it better than the last.

"Tell me (if you know) what are the addresses of Macaulay and C. H. Townshend. I have lately had a proposal in the literary way, on which I have some thoughts of consulting them.

"Yours sincerely,

"MOULTRIE."

"Belmont, Shrewsbury, Saturday night

"DEAR KNIGHT,

"Your letter reached me this evening, and, to make you happy, I have altered the obnoxious stanza, though the abruptness of the transition was in part intentional, and written for a particular object, which I need not now explain.

"I am glad to hear so good an account of the number. Praed, I suppose, is in his tantrums. I shall be very much obliged if you will send me a copy as soon as it can be stitched together, as Ione is going into Cheshire on the 2nd, and I am very anxious to send her her copy before she leaves Shropshire.

"You need not be jealous about the project I mentioned to you. It was in fact a request to assist in the publication of Shelley's posthumous works, to which my contributions will of course be merely pecuniary. Do not mention this to any one, as I have not made up my mind on the subject, and must beware of the moral world. The poems, however (several of which I have read two or three years ago), have not, I think, anything objectionable in them. Do you know any one whom you think likely to join in the project? The risk will be but small, as only five hundred copies are to be printed. The

profits (if any) are to go to Mrs. Shelley, who is but ill provided for. Wishing you the merriest Christmas that proof and devils will permit you to enjoy,

"I remain, yours sincerely,

"MOULTRIE."

"Trinity College, June 9, 1823.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I was growing impatient at not hearing from you, when I was informed by Malden that you had been engaged in removing to a new house in Windsor. I doubt that my importunities have been rather troublesome to you; for it is not wonderful if a removal (that miniature image of a revolution) should deprive the hero of the drama of all power of attending to anything else. If, however, the tumult has by this time subsided, if the clang and clatter of conflicting metal and pottery, and the lumbering migration of bedsteads and drawers, and the operose transportation of literary ware, are come to an end, you would much oblige me by devoting what attention you can conveniently spare to the matters which yet remain to be determined between us. With regard to the £20, when you can spare it, I have empowered Malden to receive it for me. I would

also request him to hold some conference with you about the compensation for Milton, and that for the Poets; but it would be imposing a greater burthen than I am entitled to do on a man who, with a wife and half a magazine to watch over, is already sufficiently tasked. The sooner, however, you can send me your proposals the better. With regard to the poet, I ought to observe that although I set out with the purpose of simply adhering to the text which I had chosen, I found, as I went on, that it would be necessary in a great number of instances to choose a better reading, which I did accordingly from the variety collected in Valpy's 'Delphin,' not however venturing to excogitate a new one in any instance, or to determine which was positively the best among the existing ones, a task beyond my time and, perhaps, my ability. I contented myself with choosing one in which there was no solecism or gross impropriety—with forming, in short, a respectable and readable text, thus steering, as it were, midway between the mere copying of a former text and the elaboration of a new one of my own. * * *

"I am, dear sir, with respects to Mrs. Knight and all remembrances, and love to my playfellow,

"Yours truly,

"W. S. WALKER.

"Remember me to Malden, and say that the prize for the English poem is adjudged to Bulwer, of Trinity Hall."

"Trinity College, October 26, 1823.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I thank you for the second number. There are some errata in my articles, which I only notice because they injure the sense. * * * In the paper on the Greeks, I perceive you have omitted a sentence or two relative to John Bull. The article is the better for the omission, as the passage broke in too much on the general tone of the paper. But was the excision caused by a desire of avoiding any collision with contemporary party journals? I ask this because I have long had in contemplation an article on the periodical literature of the day, in which, without exposing either side in politics (which my own want of settled opinions would render it impossible for me to do, and which, moreover, would militate with the plan of your work, were I to publish my essay there), I should, as a branch of my argument, state at full the defects, intellectual and moral, which I conceived to exist in the respective works, and to which I attribute their ill effects on literature, etc. This would in no degree compromise the

neutrality of your work; but yet, as I should necessarily be led to speak severely of the *spirit* in which political opinions of all kind are promulgated, and as this might, to many, be as offensive as if I had attacked the opinions themselves, I have thought it best to touch on the subject here.

"To-morrow I resume my college labours, with which I trust my long-deferred article will keep equal pace. Have you any objection to some historical sketches from Polybius? There is a mine of interest in this writer beyond what even scholars, unacquainted with him, are aware. From the pleasure I have myself received from his fresh and vivid descriptions, characters and expressions of sentiment, I have been induced to think that a translation of some of them would be acceptable. * * * I think the second number * far better, that is, more uniformly good than the first. Indeed, there is but one article that is positively bad. In the paper on Lord Byron it appeared to me that much remained to be said; but it contains more truth than has been said with regard to Lord Byron in almost any work I am acquainted with, besides being free from the cant of praise or of dispraise. And

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thus might I go on criticising, if the paper did not stop me.

"Yours, dear sir,

"W. S. WALKER."

"Trinity College, November 15, 1823.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"One of my friends, an excellent Oriental scholar, has promised to compile a short biographical sketch of the life of Ferdousi, which I shall submit to you, and which, if you think it adapted to the magazine, may be followed by those of the other Persian poets. I cannot answer for the style, but it contains some interesting incidents. He will take this letter to town with him, and may possibly deliver it himself. His name is Wait, a clergyman, and what we call a good sort of man.

"Scarce had I shipped off my last, when an unexpected summons arrived from the publisher of an obscure work, called the *Classical Journal*, in which I have long been a writer, requesting me to succour its extreme need, and to take compassion on a pair of sheets (foolscap, I mean) which were vainly thirsting for printer's ink. I could not resist this pressing call, and accordingly my time and attention have been occupied

by a large and somewhat tedious critique on one of the Roman poets, which you will probably see if the fifty-sixth number of that work should happen to fall into the hands of your baker or your grocer. I have thus, however, been prevented from sending any intended tribute to Castle Vernon. Surely there is a fatality in it.

"I am glad you agree with me in my notions *de rebus scribendis*. I believe, however, I had better begin with fulfilling my first design, that on Digby, as I have thought more of it than of the others. This, and the article (a short one, probably) on Polybius, will be, I suppose, the substance of my contributions to No. 3. I have received a letter half full of criticism from a critical friend; he makes the usual observation about levity, etc., likes Malden's verses, and thinks 'Tryamour' superior even to the earlier cantos of 'Don Juan.' Critics indeed of all schools, and those who are no critics at all, unite in praising 'Tryamour.'

"I must say good night.

"Yours ever,

"W. S. WALKER."

"Cambridge, September 15th.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I have much to say to you, and therefore I must proceed in an orderly way.

"First, with regard to the magazine, No. 2.

"I send you an article from Mr. Hare. I think so highly of it that I would willingly print it all at once; but it is so unusually long that I will not press this opinion of mine, if Mr. St. Leger and yourself think differently, as I suppose you will.

"It is diffuse, and might have been condensed with great advantage, but Hare does not understand condensing. Its diffuseness, however, seldom arises from mere wordiness, but from his richness of illustration, and from his going out of his way to throw a new and unexpected light on many collateral subjects. The article is a masterly piece of elaborate criticism, better than any literary criticism which has appeared in any English Review for the last half-dozen years at least. To us it is peculiarly fitted. It is of a kind to stamp at once a marked character, and a very high character, on a new publication. It comprehends an exposition of all the great principles of dramatic and narrative composition. It will be a full and powerful assertion of our literary faith. I wish

that we may be able to take up our ground as good and sound political economists, and yet show that political economy is by no means necessarily connected with the formal and technical French literary taste, the false and selfish morality, and the contempt of all religion, with which, unhappily, it has been accidentally associated. I wish to show that men may be good political economists, and liberal thinkers in politics, without being raving democrats, without reviling *everything* old, without renouncing the imagination and all its works, without being selfish and hard-hearted, and without being despisers of God and of all religion. I wish, too, that our magazine may be thoroughly and heartily religious without cant or affectation. Such a character Hare's article will go far to give us. Unfortunately it would amount altogether to more than eighty pages. Even if we printed sixteen sheets, five of them would be more than English readers, I fear, would choose to see given to one article; Germans judge of these things differently. If Hare's article be divided, it must be divided (somewhat unequally, by-the-by) at the end of the thirty-second page of manuscript, at the words 'the majestic characters of Brandenstein and Dorothea.' There is no other break.

"Hare wishes to correct the press himself, and requests that the proofs may be sent to him by the 25th of this month, at Millard's Hill, near Frome, Somersetshire; sent of course by a Frome coach. He said that, if there were not too great an expense in keeping the types stacked up for three months, he should like to have a proof of the whole, even though he should resolve to divide it. If it were all set now, we could take our choice at last about dividing it, and be guided by our quantity of matter. I have a fear that we may find ourselves scant. Ord has promised me two articles; Derwent Coleridge, two; Perry, one or two; De Wait, one; Spineto, a short one; I hope to finish two myself; I have one or two other favourable promises. Macaulay is here, and I will try to persuade him to write; so that, allowing for all miscarriages, I think you may reckon upon seven from my division of our contributors. I am anxious to know what your exertions or Mr. St. Leger's may have raised. If De Quincey is within reach, pray extract something from him. His last article was much liked. If you can send me St. Leger's address I should like to write to him. I forgot to say that Hare wishes much to sign his articles, and as they frequently contain singular opinions, I

myself think it expedient. Indeed, I had much rather that all the contributors signed, and that they removed the conventional phrase of 'me' and 'ours,' and wrote of *I* and *me* and *mine*. . . .

"Will you be so good as to send me all news about the magazine? I am anxious to hear how the first number has gone off. I am looking to see you in Cambridge before long. This time next month I hope to be with you in town.

"Remember me with kindness to Mrs. Knight, and believe me,

"Very truly yours,

"HENRY MALDEN.

"Walker is in Yorkshire. Have you settled anything about the Poets?"

"Cambridge, September 25, 1823.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"From my not having heard from you, I fear that you are terrified at the papers of Mr. Hare which I sent up. I hope that you have sent off to him a proof of the first thirty-two pages at least. The rest, of course, is of less consequence. I told you to let him have a proof by the 25th, as that was the earliest day he named; but he said that he should be at Frome (Millard's Hill) till the 28th. His article

puzzled me a long time ; there was so much that was extravagant and paradoxical, mixed up with so much that was true, and even original and true ; and yet it was almost all so clever ; clever, even where I could not help smiling at his enthusiasm. I think that I have done rightly in deciding in its favour ; but I am rather anxious to know St. Leger's opinion and yours, for I expect that you will be a little astonished. It is a pity that it is so very long, for dividing it will weaken it very much. I must not gossip, however, about our contributions. By-the-by, he is very likely to be our Greek Professor ; for Professor Dobree is dead—it will be either he or Walker.

“ I write to beg you to write to me, for I begin to get nervous about our preparations for next number. My friends are alarmingly slow ; and I wish to hear how you and St. Leger have succeeded in mustering strength. Pray write, and let me know how matters stand.

“ I have nothing new to communicate. Write to me, at all events, about the *Magaz.*, and answer the other points of my letter at your leisure.

“ Believe me, most truly yours,

“ HENRY MALDEN.”

"Trinity College, Friday, September 26, 1823.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"When I received your letter, I was very much fatigued; and, really, the time was too short for the thought and research necessary for an article upon any subject which had not occupied my attention previously.

"I therefore took up a subject which I had thought of before, and wrote a story in illustration of the doctrines and superstitions of the Platonic Philosophies in the later ages of the Roman Empire. I should have sent it to you to-night, as you requested; but I read it to Macaulay, and he says that, though it is very well done, not one person in a hundred will understand it properly unless I write some sort of discussion as an introduction; at least, that, unless I write such an introduction, it will not answer your purpose as a *grave* article, for that common readers will perceive in it nothing beyond the mere romance.

"I am very sorry to have disappointed you in this manner. I will certainly send it by the mail on Saturday night, so that you will have it on Sunday morning. If you can possibly wait for it, I shall feel highly obliged to you. If not, it may stand over for No. 3. I will not fail to send it on Saturday evening. It will occupy

about fifteen or sixteen pages of my writing, the same size as the pages of my MS. about lawyers.

"Believe me, yours most sincerely,

"HENRY MALDEN."

The following letter was received forty years later:—

"54, Russell Square, W.C., February 11, 1864.

"MY DEAR MR. KNIGHT,

"I have read with very great interest and pleasure the first volume of your 'Working Life.' My recollections do not go back so far as yours. The first public event that I remember is the surrender of Dupont's army;*, but I found very much in your reminiscences which revived in my mind many almost effaced impressions. I am truly gratified by the kindness with which you speak of me, and our intercourse in the days of the *Quarterly Magazine*. Those were very pleasant days.

"The exact object of my writing to you now and here is this: I observe that you mention that a collection of Praed's Poems is at last to be published in England.

"I am in a sick-room; and Mrs. Malden has

* At the capitulation of Baylen, in 1808.

taken the opportunity to overhaul all my accumulated papers, and destroy rubbish, and arrange what I pronounce is to be preserved. Amongst my scraps has turned up a copy of some lines by Praed, which (I think) I copied from some young lady friend's album. I do not know that they were ever printed, and perhaps may be unknown to the collector and editor of his Poems.

"There is also a translation from a passage in the 'Birds' of Aristophanes—a very happy one—written in a Trinity Fellowship Examination, which scarcely can be known. So I enclose the paper to you to put into the editor's hands.

"It is with great sorrow that I have seen in this morning's *Times* the announcement of the death of Moultrie's wife—the Margaret Ferguson of Eton days. I am grieved heartily for him.

"Believe me, my dear sir, yours sincerely,

"HENRY MALDEN.

"Charles Knight, Esq."

* "Gloucester, August 17, 1825.

"MY DEAR KNIGHT,

"I have received your letter of yesterday, and am well contented that my murder

* Barry St. Leger edited in 1825, in conjunction with Charles Knight, a second series of the *Quarterly Magazine*.

should stand by itself. A title is difficult. 'The Late Trials for Murder' would be a misnomer—for, in fact, it treats only of one—and 'Some Account of a Late Trial for Murder' would lead everybody to suppose it was Corder's—which, with me, would be a sufficient reason for not buying the magazine—I am so thoroughly disgusted and sickened with the way the papers have harped upon it. Do you think it would seem affected to call it 'Some Account of a Late Trial for Murder (not Corder's),' and then say, in a note to the title, three words to the effect of what I have said above? However, if it be not printed before that time (of course do not wait), I shall be in town on Tuesday night—to talk that and other things over with you. Business has been very slack in point of quantity here at Gloucester, and I shall leave in all probability after Court to-morrow evening, dine with a friend at Cheltenham, and come up per Magnet the next day. I am willing to have the excuse that it is necessary to make arrangements with you preparatory to my holidays about Maga., to spare me the 'long sea' from Bristol. I shall probably remain in town till the end of the week, and then go to Ireland by Holyhead—the only decent way of going assuredly. I shall bring you a Family

portrait, some diary, and a translation of an article on Béranger, which I have received from poor Degeorge, in the Maison de Justice à St. Omer. Poor fellow, he says, 'je serai ici jusque le 18 de ce mois; je craignais au commencement de mon arrivée pour ma pauvre tête—je suis presque sur maintenant d'être acquitté!—je serai a Londres dans un mois.' Faith, he seems to me to take it very coolly, for though, of course, they would not now put a man to death for his offence, yet their mode of proceeding must be outrageously different from ours, if an exemption from death involves a total pardon. However, I suppose he knows what he is about. I am not wedded to my session of Parliament, and will willingly yield it to you. I have not the materials thoroughly up; perhaps, however, I may give you a paragraph or two which you may work in. My sister says there is no knowing our writings apart. Indeed, I think there is a strong tone of unity running throughout the Editorial portion of the magazine, at the least. I like *exceedingly* your list of subjects, but I wish you would not be so hare-and-the-tortoise as to their execution. Eheu! by the way, how the devil can you know anything about 'Education in Ireland'? Is it the Society's materials that you

have got hold of, or what? I congratulate you upon your accession to your family, and am very glad to hear Mrs. Knight is doing so well. I shall be delighted to be permitted to be godfather to the *nouveau-venu*, if you have not made other arrangements. I have one qualification for the office, viz. a large choice of names—Francis, Barry, and Boyle. Good-bye; look in at Paper Buildings on Wednesday morning.

“Always yours,

“BARRY ST. LEGER.”

This letter was written by Mr. Sumner, on the occasion of my great-grandfather's death at Iver, in November, 1824:—

“Saturday morn.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“I learn with much regret at my return home the loss you have sustained during my absence. In such a case the only available source of comfort is the consideration that death has been rendered no longer that state on which Christians cannot look with hope. From all that passed in the short interview I had on Saturday at your house, it seems to me that you have good grounds for entertaining this, the truest and only consolation.

"You will believe that it is nothing but the most necessary business which cannot be deferred, which could prevail on me to request to see you *this morning*. I will call on you at any time and place you may appoint, and will not delay you more than ten minutes.

"Believe me to be, dear sir,

"Very faithfully yours, etc.,

"CHARLES R. SUMNER."

This letter probably refers to a periodical started about this date, called *Friendship's Offering*.

"27, Lower Belgrave Place, September 16, 1827.

"DEAR KNIGHT,

"I enclose you a little song—if it is not a good one, I am sure it is unlike any other body's. Tell me if it will do, and send me a proof per post. I wish you better success than what you have hitherto had—you are one of the men who deserves to prosper for more good reasons than I have time to tell you.

"Yours very affectionately,

"ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

"Charles Knight, Esq."

The following letter shows the gayer side of the character of Mr. de Quincey* :—

"Thursday, July 23, 1829.

"MY DEAR KNIGHT,

"If it should happen that the post brings you, at the same time with this letter, any other letter or letters relating to business, and, above all, to money (money that you are to receive, and not that you are to pay)—in that case lay aside this letter of mine for those others; for this of mine brings you neither money nor any immediate prospect of money; and, in fact, its whole and sole purpose is to refresh the recollection of myself in yours and Mrs. Knight's mind, to express the warm interest I feel in everything that relates to your family, and to give you an earnest invitation from Mrs. De Quincey and myself to come and see us. By *you*, of course, I mean, as essential members of the party, Mrs. Knight, Miss Knight, and as many of your younger daughters as you can bring with convenience to yourself. I cannot express to you how much pleasure this visit would give to us all; and the reason that I now first send you such an invitation is, that I now first

* Inserted by permission of his daughter, Mrs. Bairdsmith.

have it in my power to send it. If you were to come immediately some inconvenience would arise, but inconveniences only to yourself, and not to us. And, that you may understand everything that is necessary to guide your plans, I will make you exactly acquainted with my present situation.

"You know probably (for poverty and debt, and everything else that throws a shade upon a man's respectability, are sure to travel quickly) that, merely to stave off the extreme pressure of my pecuniary embarrassments, in the summer of 1827 (in fact, more than two years ago, and about the very time when I received the melancholy statement from you of your own misfortunes, of which more hereafter), I quitted my home at this place for Edinburgh, and there I continued until the 12th of last month, writing, but of necessity consuming a great part of my emoluments on a separate establishment in that city. This was managed with great economy, but still was a heavy burden upon me, as you may suppose, when I go on to add that in the autumn of that year, 1827, feeling myself depressed by this entire separation from my family, and recollecting besides that the education of my two eldest children was now urgently calling for

my attention, I resolved to bring them up to my own lodgings in Edinburgh. Accordingly, on the 3rd of October, 1827, I went down to Carlisle, where they met me, and the next day I brought them (my eldest son and daughter) on to Edinburgh; and there they stayed, one of them, however, for more than a year of the time, at the houses of old friends until the said June 12, 1829.

"In 1828, for many important arrangements which my Philistines (*Duns videlicet*) made necessary, Mrs. De Quincey joined me in Edinburgh, so that for three-quarters of a year we had a larger establishment in Edinburgh than in Westmoreland. In fact, this Grasmere house I directed to be shut up, servants all but one dismissed, and that one sent with the little insignificant cubs of children that remained in England to a rich farmhouse, flowing with milk and honey, and in other respects a paradise to *them* from the mighty barns and spacious pastures which they thus obtained for playrooms. Well, by good management and better luck, I contrived early in this present year to silence *mes Anglois* (as the French do, or did use to, entitle creditors). This odious race of people were silenced, I say, or nearly so: no insolent dun has raised his dis-

gusting voice against me since Candlemas, 1829 : they now speak softly and as if butter would not melt in their mouths ; and I have so well planted my fire-engines for extinguishing this horrid description of nuisance, that, if by chance any one should smoulder a little too much (flame out none durst for shame), him I shall souse and drench forthwith into quietness. Whilst this great operation was in progress, concurrently almost with *that* I entertained, and about April 6 brought to a tolerable state of maturity, an overture sent to Edinburgh early in 1828 by my wife for purchasing that same estate with that 'milk and honey' aforesaid, with those 'mighty barns,' and those 'spacious pastures' heretofore mentioned. '*Purchasing!*' you say. 'What the devil?' Don't swear, my dear friend ; you know there is such a thing as buying a thing and yet not paying for it, or at least paying only the annual interest. Well, that is what *I* do, can do, and will do. For hear finally that the thing is done. April 6, all things seeming to be ready and waiting only for me, I came down from Edinburgh to this house and estate in Westmoreland ; but, as lawyers are an insufferable race of procrastinators, and as there was an infinity of cross business and oblique interests connected with the affair, and trustee-

ship, and all that (some particulars of which cost me a further journey down to Manchester), it was not until May Day that I became legally possessed of the property and produce, and not until Old May Day (May 12) or the day before, that I could return to Edinburgh. The month which followed was occupied with winding up our Scotch affairs, of which the main part consisted in arranging and burning papers of mine, returning books and other fash (to speak Westmoreland) which, well you know, infests and dogs the movements of literary men. Friday morning, June 12, my wife, myself, children, and appurtenances, mounted the Carlisle mail at 7 o'clock in the morning, which mail we had wholly to ourselves; left Edinburgh probably for ever, under a heavenly summer morning lighting us back to England. By five in the evening reached Carlisle (ninety-six miles), rested for three hours, and then for the rest of our road (forty-five miles), by taking an open carriage (such as you may get in this country if you wish) and four horses, hoisted over the great mountain of Kirkstone (an ascent of three miles) ourselves and a weight of luggage, live and dead, that would have cost three ordinary post-chaises to carry. Thus you are in possession of my journal in all its important

movements for the last two years, down to a ridiculous circumstantiality. And now, my friend, think what a glorious El-Dorado of milk and butter and cream cheeses and all other dairy products, supposing that you like those things, I can offer you, morning, noon, and night. You may absolutely bathe in new milk, or even in cream, and you *shall* bathe if you like it. I know that you care not much about luxuries for the dinner-table, else, though our luxuries are few and simple, I could offer you some temptations : mountain lamb, equal to Welsh ; char, famous to the Antipodes ; trout and pike from the very lake within twenty-five feet of our door ; bread, such as you never presumed to dream of, made of our own wheat, not doctored and separated by the usual miller's process into fine insipid white flour and coarse, that is, merely dirty-looking white, but all ground down together, which is the one sole receipt (*experto crede*) for having rich, lustrous, *red brown*, ambrosial bread ; new potatoes, of celestial earthiness and raciness, which with us last to October ; and, finally, milk—milk—milk—cream—cream—cream (hear it, thou benighted Londoner), in which you must and shall bathe.

“ But the mountains (for these things, tho’

temptations, you will say, are not temptations for two hundred and seventy miles)—the mountains, lakes, etc., *are* so to both Mrs. Knight and yourself. And, therefore, hear what inconvenience you will have to face, if you come immediately.

* * * But a worse inconvenience I fear may be this: at present we have two houses, and yet neither fitted separately to receive our friends as we wish; the cottage at Grasmere being too small, or rather (which is its more capital defect) having no bed but one, *i.e.* not two beds, large enough to receive two persons; and this farmhouse on the estate which I have bought (from which in fact I write, and which I call Rydal Hay, though I date always from Grasmere, two miles off, as my old domicile for twenty-one years back)—this farmhouse, though a capital Westmoreland farmhouse, is merely such, and moreover loaded with human weeds in a degree insufferable to you. At this moment, what with children, servants, and the old original possessors of the estate, who have not found it possible or convenient to themselves *sarcinas colligere* and to evacuate the fortress, we (including Margaret and myself) muster sixteen strong. This, with the bustle it occasions, being too much for M.'s spirits, to-morrow we re-

move ourselves, two children, and two servants to Grasmere; and there it is that we shall hope for your visit, if you will pardon us the inhospitality of offering you * * * no better accommodation than a bedroom and dressing-room (but very clean and neat) at an old servant's, now rich, and living within twenty feet on the other side of the road. Miss Knight could have a room at our cottage at Grasmere, and perhaps your younger children would join mine in roaming through the barns and pastures of Rydal Hay, and milking new milk for themselves. But stay, my paper is out; and I think that you are one of those who do not grudge postage. I will therefore write a second letter to you by to-morrow's (or the following) post; for I have more to say, though of matter chiefly retrospective. Meantime farewell; you know my great regard and friendship for you, my dear Knight, and Mrs. Knight I shall always remember with the affection of a brother.

"Yours ever most faithfully,

"THOMAS DE QUINCEY."

The letter from Sir J. P. Kay Shuttleworth is one amongst many on the subject of education:—

"The Brier, Low Wood, Windermere,
"December 16.

"DEAR MR. KNIGHT,

"I am slowly recovering from a very serious indisposition. I devote my convalescence to the gradual resumption of my former literary and public pursuits.

"With relation to some matters which I am putting together on the subject of education, I perceive that Mr. Baines, of Leeds, makes continual reference to your authority for the statistics of popular education.

"I am ashamed to say that, much as I respect your authority in any such matter, I know not where to look for these statistics.

"Pray help me therefore in this matter, by sending me the most complete and recent statement which you have made on this subject.

"If you can do this without delay, you will add to my obligation.

"I intend to lie here *perdu* till the spring.

"Miss Martineau and Mr. Arnold are my most agreeable neighbours.

"Faithfully yours,

"J. P. KAY SHUTTLEWORTH.

"Charles Knight, Esq."

The following letter was written to Lord Brougham by Lord Lansdowne :—

“Lansdowne House, Tuesday morning.

“MY DEAR CHANCELLOR,

“There is not a man in England better entitled than Knight to come into the Athenæum, or whom I should be more glad to meet there, if I frequented it more than I do. I shall take care to put my name down as recommending him, and do anything I can to promote his election.

“Yours ever,

“LANSDOWNE.”

These letters on the subject of the *Companion to the Almanac* are interesting as showing the thoroughness of Mr. de Morgan's work :—

“7, Camden Street, London,

“November 8, 1848.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“Frankness is always the right thing, and I will imitate yours.

“My opinion of what readers in general do with the *Companion* is this: they read one or two

articles and put the book on the shelf as a valuable reference book. If I am right in this—and I know many who take it—the more varied the contents the better.

“But you are a much better judge, and, of right, the only one who ought to have any decision in the matter. Taking you to be right, I have felt for some time past that I have ceased to be a fit contributor. My studies have, in the last ten years, taken a different line. And I may add that, as my research has gone deeper, I have lost the confidence with which I could once make up my mind to write on almost anything which I had read upon. For some years past I have written on nothing which has not been in my thoughts for a long time; and this is the natural and proper effect of years.

“As long as I could to your satisfaction go on with articles in which I had matured materials at hand, I was very well pleased to do it. But, supposing you correct, the time is come when my pursuits diverge to an irreconcilable distance from anything that can furnish proper materials.

“A dozen years ago, I would have taken the new planet, or the proposals you make about the Cambridge reforms, and published my opinions without hesitation; but I cannot do either now

with any confidence. I could write for a newspaper on either, because slapdash is the order of the day in them. But in a publication in which I have been writing the results of years of thought, and choosing my subjects as I felt I had arrived at fixed conclusions, for years past, I feel that I cannot take subjects which are not yet finished in my own mind, either with comfort to myself or justice to those who, knowing the maturity of the articles alluded to, would expect to have the same finish in whatever I might do, and would have a reasonable right to expect it, failing all warning to the contrary. Now, let me propose that you return me the MS. of the article on Euclid, which I find another channel for, and substitute something else. I am now so busy that I cannot undertake anything else, even if I had a subject ready. Next year I will think of any suggestion, or propose anything that occurs to me, and either of us can at once decline the other's suggestion, if mine be unfit, or yours impracticable.

"*À propos* of my remark that of late years the articles have been on subjects matured by circumstances, you will remember that for a good many years past my articles have been sent in August, or long before they were asked for.

The reason was that they were done in full vacation, and with perfect leisure.

"I am very much obliged by your offer of printing the Euclid article for distribution, but I have long intended to challenge teachers in general to think about that subject, and must make it quite public.

"You will remember that, with respect to that article, I gave you notice, and, as I thought, removed your doubts on the matter. You will not, therefore, in returning it, imagine that you have given me the trouble of doing anything specially for the *Companion*; for, as I tell you, it is a point that I have been resolved on writing about for some time.

"Pray send it on speedily, as I have a scheme with regard to it which I believe I shall act on at once.

"Hoping Mrs. Knight and your family are all well,

"I am, yours very truly, in much haste,

"A. DE MORGAN."

" 41, Chalcot Villas, Adelaide Road, N.W.,

" May 20, 1860.

" DEAR SIR,

" I return the logic corrected. I should like to see it made up, if there be time, though I should probably have nothing to return, if they have mended a few letters. The sheet came folded and directed *on itself*. The consequence was that I tore it open, taking for granted the outside must be vine, and not fruit ; and so there was a job of pasting to do. Please to write to the printing-office that—

When a man is wrapt up in himself,
For *unwrapper* Swift gives him a flapper ;
But a letter wrapt up in itself
Wants nothing so much as a *wrapper*.

" Yours truly,

" A. DE MORGAN."

The letters referring to the " Penny Cyclo-
pædia " may be read with interest :—

" West Molesey, May 17, 1844.

" MY DEAR MR. KNIGHT,

" I learn to-day, from Mr. G. Clowes,
that I am indebted to *you* for a present, which

I had supposed to have come from him—a very handsome set of your useful and creditable publication, the ‘Penny Cyclopædia.’ I confess to you that I had rather not have put you to the expense of giving me a work which I had intended to buy as soon as it should be completed—having on two or three occasions borrowed numbers to consult, and found the information better, as well as newer, than I could obtain elsewhere. But your liberality has anticipated me, and I have only to thank you very sincerely, not merely for a most valuable work, but for your personal kindness towards me, of which it is the evidence.

“Our old friend Mr. Locker, you know, has been obliged to resign Greenwich Hospital; his faculties, especially his memory, are failing. They are coming to reside at Twickenham, not far from us, but I fear there is little prospect of our enjoying each other’s society. It is now, I think, some six or seven and twenty years since he made our acquaintance. We have, as yet, reason to be thankful that age treats us better than it has done our poor friend. You, however, are, I believe, the youngest of the three in years, as well as in mind and body. I was sixty-three

on the 20th of last December—you, I hope, are considerably less.

“Believe me to be, my dear Mr. Knight,

“Your sincerely obliged,

“J. W. CROKER.”

“Gray’s Inn, April 3, 1856.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“I was not aware that there was any notice in ‘Men of the Times,’ a publication which I have not yet seen, and I assure you most unfeignedly that I was not prepared to find that any passages in my humble but active and laborious life were deemed worthy of public record. ‘Astacus’ is, I think, the first article contributed by me to the ‘Penny Cyclopædia,’ but no one knows better than you the extent of my contributions, and no one knows so well as I know the kind and noble conduct manifested by you toward me. I am proud of my connection with a publication which I believe did more to diffuse knowledge among the people than any other of its time, with the exception of the *Penny Magazine*.

“If I am thought worthy of a place in the ‘Biography’ there is no one to whom I would

trust myself in preference to yourself, and I will endeavour, in the course of to-morrow or next day, to supply you with a few dates and notes, of which I have none by me. The notice in the *Illustrated News* of the 8th of March last is correct, so far as it goes, with the exception of what is clearly a misprint, in the fifth paragraph, of 'on' for 'or'—it should be 'any information *or* documents'—and the quotation of my lamented friend Sir Henry de la Beche's 'How to observe,' for his 'Researches in Theoretical Geology.' Another kind hand has recorded my resignation in an article in the *Examiner* of the 12th of January last, and I am sure I have reason to be gratified for the terms in which the public press generally has thought fit to mention my conduct as a magistrate.

"Yours, my dear sir, very truly,

"W. J. BRODERIP.

"Charles Knight, Esq."

"7, Camden Street, September 4, 1856.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I caught sight of a biography of myself to-day, in which I am set down as having gone to be born in an island off Java. This looks excessively personal, for on looking into the

'Penny Cyclopædia' for that island, I find that nothing is mentioned as bred there for exportation except buffaloes and sheep; nothing about mathematicians at all.

"Your article is taken from what I furnished to the 'Biog. des Contemporains'—I forget the man—which appeared a year ago, in which I designated myself, on the evidence of my parents, as born at 'Madura, in the East Indies.' When did Java or its offshoots get into the East Indies? Your contributor goes to your 'Geographical Dictionary,' finds big Madura a Java island, and little Madura only a cross-reference (Carnatic), and says within himself that no such voluminous writer could possibly have been born at a cross-reference, and puts me down at Java, or next door; but I'm a Dutchman, if he does not make a Dutchman *of me*.

"Madura, where I was born, is a very old city in the Carnatic, first mentioned by Ptolemy. (N.B. In 'Geographical Dictionary' all Ptolemy's names ought to be separate articles.) It is a nest of such pure Hindooism that, though not of any caste, I dare say that by holding on to a cow's tail *in articulo mortis*, or some such precaution, I should pick all Brahma's locks, and have a right to sit at his table for some millions of ages

more or less. All this I might lose if a copy of your dictionary happened to be in the way, to give evidence against my birthright.

"In mending the plate, say my father was in the *Madras* army, not *British*.

"Yours very truly,

"A. DE MORGAN."

The following letters are on the subject of the Shakspeare, etc. :—

"3, Stewart's Grove, Chelsea, May, 1, 1841.

"SIR,

"I take the liberty of addressing you on the subject of some notes in the new number of the Shakspeare.

"I am a great admirer of the edition of the immortal poet's works for which the public are so much indebted to you, and it is only with a desire to make it still more correct and admirable that I am led to trouble you. There have been many notes, I have observed hitherto, totally unwarranted, but not of such a pretentious character as to challenge contradiction. In the present number there are two, however, which I hope you will think erroneous, and take some means perhaps to correct, if my view of them seems just, as you must naturally desire that all readers of our

Shakspeare through the medium of your publication should arrive at proper conclusions respecting his meanings, which have been so often perverted by commentators, and ably elucidated by yourself, with the exception I refer to.

"The first note is on page 411, where the acceptance of the word *boat* for *butt* seems to me to be very clear. For Prospero was prepared a 'rotten carcase of a *boat*, not rigged, nor tackle, sail, nor mast.' If this vessel had been a *butt* (wine or other, as your note seems to warrant), it would not have been remarkable that it was without tackle, sail, or other appurtenances, which Prospero mentions to show the character of the boat in which he was placed, deprived of all its valuable accessories. Had it been a *butt*, the poet would have said nothing about rigging, depend upon it. Again, Prospero observes, 'the very rats instinctively have quit it.' It is a common saying that 'rats quit a sinking ship,' and the adoption of this phrase shows, I think, still more that an absolute *boat* was intended. Besides, how could Prospero, Miranda, and their rich garments, books, etc., have been contained in a *butt*, unless it had happened to be the one of Heidelberg?

"The second note is that marked 'a,' page

414. Shakspeare evidently intended the 'curtsied and kiss'd' to apply to all dancing spirits themselves, as he continually in his most poetical imaginings identifies his ideas with the manners and customs of his times, and you may learn in several passages of his own work that it was a custom for those who danced together to preface the performance with 'a kiss.' As to the idea expressed with note of the spirits having 'curtsied and kiss'd' the *waves* with silence, it seems to me not only unpoetical, but incomprehensible.

"I trust you will believe that my only motive for troubling you with these remarks is a love for the Shakspeare whose genius you are aiding by the production of your admirable edition, and a wish that the notes with which it is interspersed may never become classed among the comments of the 'Commentators.'

"Yours with respect,

"JOHN NEWMAN."

"West Molesey, Surrey, May 23, 1833.

"DEAR MR. KNIGHT,

"I have just had your little book; but have only time, and hardly health, to say that I am sorry that you continue to use the modern innovation in spelling *Shakspeare*. In your note

in your first volume on the name, you talk of the *undoubted* signature in the *Museum* volume. Now, *I* have not the slightest doubt that that is a forgery ; and that the Museum was cheated into purchasing it, and that the forgery was made to correspond with Malone's blunder (for such, I also have no doubt, his orthography is). The fact is that I have very strong suspicions of *all* these modern discoveries. I am sorry to see your great as well as your popular editions blemished by such an, at least, affectation ; there is really as much evidence for calling him Shagspear.

"I have also a special conviction that the letter in the Ellesmere paper is a forgery and not a very neat one, but whether it was by — or some more modern hand, I doubt.

"I remain, dear Mr. Knight, sincerely yours,

"J. W. CROKER.

"The edition of your Shakespeare, of which I unluckily want the ninth volume, is what I believe you call the library edition. It is marked '*second edition*,' but in looking at it again to-day, I do not see how *my* set of ten volumes can be *your* library edition, as you say, *in twelve volumes*. I find on collation that I want *Timon*, *Troilus and Cressida*, and *Lear*, and (if you admitted it) *Titus Andronicus*. I have your

other editions, but I had a natural wish to complete this set, which is a handy one.

"I am afraid your new plan will not succeed ; too much controversy will force itself upon you. The most useful thing that could now be done, I think, for Shakespearean literature, would be to give us an edition exhibiting the *first folio text* complete, with marginal or foot notes, exhibiting *all* the corrections proposed, with the *names* of the proposers—no reasons, no commentaries, but simply the word or passage in the text questioned, to be marked in some difference of type, and the suggestion of fact, with the name of Theobald, or Pope, or so on, adding after them the other editors who have adopted this view. This would be the true library Shakespeare."

"Molesey Grove, Hampton Court, March 7, 1839.

"MY DEAR MR. KNIGHT,

"I have received your beautiful *Richard II.* The embellishments are admirable, only I think you might easily have found *real* scenes for the two or three fancied ones ; but, on the whole, it is excellent.

"But now allow me to take the liberty of questioning the prudence of *abandoning* your *original pledge* of allegiance and adherence to the

first folio. It is sometimes clearly wrong, and *occasional* departure from it is absolutely necessary; but, in this play, you seem to me to leave it in many instances when it is clearly right, and in some where it is, at most, a balanced question.

"I enclose you a note which I have made of some of those passages. That in page 91, 'in ambush,' is a serious error and contrary to all your principles, for it is, as far as I can see, a brand-new reading of your own.

"I know these matters are now beyond remedy, but I state them as *buoys* to guide your future navigation. I wish it could be contrived that I could read your sheets; I might save you some errors, or at least submit my ideas to your judgment before it was too late, but I fear that could not be.

"Your general remarks on the play are full of truth and taste and Shakespearean enthusiasm, but I am satisfied that in this play, as in so many others, Shakespeare worked on an old bad play into which he interpolated whatever beauties there are (and they are innumerable). I fancy that *none of the rhymes* are originally Shakespeare's, and I begin to doubt whether we have a single play that is *altogether* by that master hand. This I had from my earliest days

suspected; and every time I read one of the plays it recurs to me with increased force.

"Yours ever,

"J. W. CROKER.

"Tell me which play you design for your May or June *livraison*, and I will read it over, and perhaps send you some remarks."

"Molesey Grove, March 15, 1839.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Many thanks for your 'Thousand and One Nights,' which is a beautiful book.

"I do not send you any more notes for *Henry IV.*, as I suppose you are all at press, but I will, if you can manage it, give you one or two mornings *every month* to look over your sheets, if that can be of any use to you. I am about to run over to Paris for two or three weeks to see the Exhibition, and, perhaps, a revolution. I shall go about Thursday next, and be back, please God, by that day fortnight.

"Would it be too much to ask you to send me half a dozen of the title-pages, or at least the words—

THE PICTORIAL SHAKESPEARE

I have had portfolio cases made to hold the parts, and I want these words to paste on the back of the cases. I don't care what colour the paper is; these cases keep the parts tidy till they come to be bound.

"I think, with you, that you ought not to adhere too inflexibly to the first folio; 'tis the best general guide, but there is not a page that can be implicitly followed, and, in a work like yours, I should prefer the *most intelligible text* even against the first folio—that is, supposing always that there *is some* authority. You write as if '*in ambush*' were the *common* reading. I have eight editions in this house and in all 'tis '*an*.'

"Is there any list of the errors of the facsimile folio?"

"Yours ever,

"J. W. CROKER."

"Molesey Grove, Hampton Court, June 12, 1839.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I have only this moment received your note and proof, and I have hastened to make my remarks and return the proofs. In order not to disfigure your proof, I have only put *numerals* in the margin, as a reference to notes on a separate sheet.

"I cannot *at all* agree with your theory, and if it were true, *cui bono*? I would not have you spoil the *tone* of your usual sound and practical criticism by a paradoxical perplexity which disturbs history, tradition, established notions, and everything of the kind. A *pseudo Falstaffe* would be a monster in literature. I implore you, let Falstaffe alone. 'No, my good *sir*; banish Peto, banish Bardolf, banish Poins, but for sweet Jack Falstaffe, banish him not; banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.' The Falstaffe of the M. W. is in pieces, as all *continuations* are and ever will be to the original conception, but so is the Falstaffe of 2 *Henry IV.* He of *Henry V.* is inferior still, but if that proves anything, it proves that the weakest is the last.

"You are of course aware that the *cheater* is a pun on *escheator* of the Exchequer. You are also aware that the real Herne's oak was cut down by George III., about 1778 or 1780, and that there have been since one or two *impostors*. Mr. — knows nothing at all about the matter—expects that his present oak is the *real Herne*. I *know* the contrary.

"I write in *haste*—not to delay you, and *freely* not to deceive you.

"If I can be of any other use you may

command me, for I take a real interest in this splendid book, which is also, as far as it has gone, the best Shakespeare to *read* that I have yet seen.

"Yours truly,

"J. W. CROKER.

"I should be glad of the titles whenever you find them."

"West Molesey, December 19, 1841.

"DEAR MR. KNIGHT,

"I have read your reply to Mr. Collier, and think you almost always right—quite right in your general position. Perhaps I may be able to say so in public. Can you tell me what degree of reliance is to be placed on the reprint of the first folio? I have heard that there are hundreds of variations, but I have not the first folio, and if I write anything about it I should like to know whether I may generally trust the reprint. I suppose I may, subject to after collation of the passages I may quote with the original. For instance, Mr. Collier, in his specimen and the note, says that most copies of the first folio have '*fear'd*' or '*feared*.' Now, my reprint has only '*feard*,' and the *f* is so faint that it might be a *f*; but, at all events, '*feard*' and

'fear'd' are different things. How is it in your folio?

"I have no doubt that the word '*invention*,' which you explain by imagination, was really '*inventions*,' which has a peculiar, I might almost say technical meaning when applied to *praying*. So also for *vain*, I believe, should be for *vane*. The folio spells vane on one occasion *veine*.

"In short, after Mr. Collier's edition, some one else will have just as good a field for a new edition as he has—that is, if his specimen be a specimen.

"Yours, dear Mr. Knight, very truly,

"J. W. CROKER."

"West Molesey, February 7, 1842.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"In looking over your beautiful '*Pictorial Shakespeare*' with a view to binding, and, indeed, I have been reading it very diligently, I have discovered that, by some mistake, I have received double numbers of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* and the *Merry Wives*, but none of *All's Well*, *Macbeth*, and *Antony and Cleopatra*. I have received also the introduction to the histories, and three numbers of Poems, and Mr. Wivell's Essay on the portraits.

"I therefore return you the *duplicates*, and should be much obliged by having the three wanting numbers to complete my set.

"I have bought your octavo volume. I will not venture to say anything about its *contents*, as I lately inflicted so long a letter on you concerning Shakespearean criticism, but I may ask you what is the meaning of the coat of arms stamped on the *cover*? You, of course, know that they cannot be those of any person of the name of Shakespeare, nor, indeed, of any person that I have ever heard or read of, and yet I suppose something of that sort must be intended. Mr. Collier, I see, has stamp't on *his* volume the proper arms of Shakespeare, which, however, is the part of his (S.'s) story which does him the least honour.

"I am, my dear sir, very faithfully yours,

"J. W. CROKER."

"West Molesey, Surrey, September 19, 1843.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I return two numbers of your Shakespeare, which have been by some mistake sent to me in duplicate, and I would at the same time observe that No. 4 of the 'Biography' has not reached me, tho' 5, 6, and 7 have.

"Will you have the kindness of letting me know when you shall have finished this great work, and of telling me how you think it ought to be arranged for binding in volumes ?

"Ever, my dear sir, very truly yours,

"J. W. CROKER.

"I beg to thank you also for the small-paper Walpole, which I have but just received, as I have been by the seaside."

"West Molesey, Surrey, March 24, 1856.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Knowing your early and presuming on your continued interest in Eton College, I think I may reckon on your excusing the trouble this letter may give you.

"I have happened to rescue from total destruction an unfinished oil picture of the old Eton Montem procession of, as I guess from the costumes of the spectators, 1793—it might be of 1790 or 1796, which were, I believe, Montem years, but I think it must have been one of the three. The picture is sixteen feet long by three wide; it has numerous figures on foot, and some on horseback, all evidently portraits—some very well done, and many, I have no doubt, recognizable if one knew the exact year,

and could get, as I dare say we could, the names of the prominent boys. Can you help the inquiry, either from your own stores, or directing me to other sources of information? We have no trace of the painter—one guess has been Robert Singleton; another, and more probable one, is Livesay, who was afterwards drawing-master at the Royal Naval College. Do you know anything about either of them? Your father would have known all about it, but I fear your personal memory will not go so far back. You may, however, be able to assist in the elucidation of this picture, which is rendered more interesting by the recent abolition of the Montem.

“I need hardly add that I possess your ‘Windsor Guide’ (1825), and that I am aware of what it says (p. 152) of the Montem.

“Ever faithfully yours,

“J. W. CROKER.”

The following letter was from Sir Henry Ellis:—

“British Museum, November 5, 1838.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“I send you a spare copy of another *Archæologia* communication, in page 6 of which you will find something illustrative of Henry

IV.'s death in the Jerusalem Chamber at Westminster Abbey, as described by Shakspeare.

"I forget in what passage, but Isaac Reid's Glossarial Index will refer you to it, the *Sheriff's Posts* are mentioned. In vol. xix. of the *Archæologia*, p. 383, is a short memoir 'On the Posts anciently placed on Each Side of the Gates of the Chief Magistrates of Cities in England,' by John Adey Repton. It is accompanied by a plate of some ancient and rather picturesque ones which existed in Elm Hill, near the Tomb-land at Norwich, at least in 1820. I will find or procure a copy of the plate for you. These are unquestionably the Sheriff's Posts.

"The bear and ragged staff is alluded to in *Henry VI.*, Act v., sc. 2. You will find it upon the celebrated Beauchamp tomb in St. Mary's, Warwick; and we have it in our House (among the books of the *old* Royal Library), embossed upon a Latin Bible which Leicester presented to Queen Elizabeth. I think this last, from its connection with such personages, would be the interesting illustration. The bear and ragged staff was originally the badge of cognizance of the Beauchamps, Earls of Warwick; it went with the earldom to the Nevils, and then to the Dudleys.

"Upon illustrations (small views quite to

your purpose from their diminutive size) for Calais, Guisnes, and Ardres, as they existed at the time when Shakspeare conceived his plots, you must *come to me yourself* before I point them out, otherwise there will be a chance of their getting used by some one else.

"I hope such desultory hints as these will answer your purpose. If they will, I will write again.

"Ever truly yours,

"HENRY ELLIS."

"Bonn, October 28, 1846.

"DEAR SIR,

"Though I never had the pleasure of your personal acquaintance, I cannot but consider it my duty to dedicate to you a book which, perhaps for the better half of its contents, is entirely indebted to your valuable labours in a province common to both of us—the love and study of Shakspeare. In almost every page of my Shakspearean criticism by Puck you will find a proof of the continual profit I have derived from a thorough acquaintance of your excellent editions of Shakspeare, which have on their first appearance attracted my affectionate notice for the spirit of boundless admiration—so rare among

Englishmen—which they profess for the great poet of the modern world, and which have afterwards served me as the surest guide in my Shakspearean studies.

“In my present work, which I beg you will do me the favour of accepting, it has been my constant endeavour to make known to the Germans the considerable progress which the knowledge and critic of Shakspeare’s life and writings has made in England since these last ten years, and to give to my countrymen an account of the happy results which these studies have had for the better estimation of everything regarding the poet, whom my country and yours join in a praiseworthy emulation to love and to admire. You will find that in doing this I have not omitted to notice with due praise the contemporary labours of other critics and editors, and to do full justice to the efforts, as far as they are still of any value, of your predecessors.

“All this could not be done without a continual and detailed controversy against Puck, partly because his authority in all Shakspearean matters is still—though very undeservedly, as I think I have proved—the highest in Germany, and partly because his utter regardlessness of all English contributions to the promotion of a sounder

criticism regarding Shakspeare is a chief impediment to the just propagation of your and your fellow-labourers' works among my countrymen, as the people, relying on Puck's judgment, do not think worth noticing what he superciliously deigns to ignore.

"As the object of my book is to claim for the English editors and commentators of Shakspeare that acknowledgment which is so justly due to them from the part of the Germans, I dare to hope, not only that my endeavours will be honoured with your approbation, but that, if you should find an occasion for it, you will please to mention them in a way which may point them out to the notice of the English public. You were so kind as to do the same service to a former publication of mine—an edition of *Macbeth*—in your supplemental 'Shakspeare in Germany,' although I at that time was neither sufficiently acquainted with the merits of the English commentators, nor with the true principles of Shakspearean criticism, to produce anything worth the flattering notice you then pleased to take of me.

"I am, dear sir, sincerely yours,

"E. DELIUS.

"Bonn on the Rhine,

"Thoblenzer Strasse, No. 11."

The two letters from Mr. Macready are in reference to the "Pictorial Edition of Shakspeare," the second one being an acknowledgment of the dedication to himself of that published in 1851.

"13, Cumberland Terrace, Regent's Park.

"SIR,

"My silence on the flattering compliment you have paid me, in presenting me with the numbers of your beautiful edition of Shakspeare, must, I fear, have impressed you with a very indifferent opinion of my disposition and breeding; but, having sent an order for the work, I was at a loss to understand how far I ought to interpret the inscription on the numbers I received; nor could I put a question, involving considerations of peculiar delicacy, by letter. Yesterday afforded me the first opportunity of going out, and I availed myself of it to call on Mrs. Knight, from whom I learned my real obligation to you.

"I have sincere pleasure in assuring you that I appreciate most highly the honour you have done me, and accept with many thanks what I hope I may regard as a testimony of your approval of my own desire to diffuse more widely a more intimate knowledge and, in that, a deeper love of our great poet's works.

"My means are very limited, but my sympathies are most ardent with all those who, like yourself, endeavour to multiply the intellectual enjoyments of our fellow-men.

"Pray accept, as they are offered, my warmest acknowledgments, and believe me, with a deep sense of the honour you have done me, sir,

"Your most obliged and very faithful servant,

"W. C. MACREADY.

"To the Editor of the 'Pictorial Shakspeare.'"

"21, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East,

"February 28, 1851.

"MY DEAR MR. KNIGHT,

"It is not easy for me to tell you how deeply I am touched by the unlooked-for and distinguished compliment offered me in your Dedication. I could not even express to our friend Forster the impression that it made on me—far less can I to you. I receive it as a crowning honour to my public life, valued the more because so disinterestedly and so generously conferred. Believe me, I feel it as a requital for many pains of misgiving and some of disappointment in the course of my career, and, so esteemed, shall ever feel grateful for it. . . ."

The rest of this letter from Mr. Macready is of no general interest.

The letters from M. Guerin on the subject of the "Popular History of England," and his mention of the "Shakspeare," show his appreciation of those works.

"Guernsey, 26 Novembre, 1863,

"34, Hauteville.

"MONSIEUR,

"Pendant un séjour de quelques mois que je viens de faire à Guernsey, j'ai eu l'occasion de lire votre excellente histoire d'Angleterre. J'ai d'abord eu l'intention de faire sur votre livre un long article de revue dans le but de le faire connaître en France. M. François V. Hugo (traducteur de Shakspeare) mon ami, me suggéra l'idée de la traduire, mais en examinant cette idée, nous reconnûmes bientôt la difficulté d'éditer un ouvrage aussi considerable et je me suis arrêté à ceci : traduire toute la partie moderne depuis le commencement du dix-neuvième siècle. Cette période de l'histoire contemporaine Anglaise politique et parlementaire assez peu connue chez nous, aurait un succès certain et j'ai tout lieu de croire qu'une traduction soigneusement faite serait éditée par la librairie internationale Lacroire ou celle de Pagnene de Paris. M. François V. Hugo ferait une introduction qui ajouterait encore à la valeur du travail. Sans partager vos idées

sur certains points et sur certaines applications sociales et politiques, je crois, cependant que l'histoire de votre glorieux pays, ou j'ai trouvé, comme proscrit, une hospitalité de huit années, est un excellent enseignement. Montrer à la France un pays libre est bon. Si ma proposition vous convient, veuillez, monsieur, me répondre le plus tôt possible et m'indiquer vos conditions.

"Recevez, monsieur, mes salutations les plus empressées.

"THÉOPHILE GUERIN.

"P.S.—Les planches qui ont servi à illustrer votre livre donneraient un grand intérêt à l'édition Française, et si elles sont encore en votre possession, je pense que vous pourriez les céder au Libraire avec lequel je traiterais."

"11 Janvier, 1864,

"6, rue Guérard, Puteaux près Paris.

"TRÈS CHER MONSIEUR,

"J'ai reçu seulement ces jours derniers votre obligeante lettre. J'ai quitté Guernsey depuis le commencement de Décembre et par suite de diverses circonstances et un peu par la paresse de mes amis d'Hauteville, je n'ai reçu que cette semaine les lettres qui m'y étaient adressées. Je suis sensible, Monsieur, à la bonne

grâce avec laquelle vous m'accordez le droit de traduire votre histoire d'Angleterre ; non seulement j'accepte votre offre, mais encore je me mets à votre disposition, pour les choses où vous pourriez par hasard avoir besoin de moi. Il est improbable que vous soyez jamais dans ce cas d'avoir à utiliser ma bonne volonté, mais c'est mon seul moyen de vous remercier. Voici ce que je compte faire ; traduire cent cinquante ou deux cent pages de votre histoire, prises dans différents chapitres, les montrer à un des éditeurs dont je vous ai parlé et traiter aux meilleures conditions possibles,—chose difficile,—traduire un livre a sa difficulté, en faire un est plus difficile, le publier est un travail de Titan et de casseur de pierres. J'ai diverses choses en train et je n'aurai pas fini cette partie de traduction avant le courant de l'été. Votre très intéressante histoire mériterait non pas d'être traduite seulement dans son xix^e siècle mais bien complètement ; les difficultés et le prix de la publication m'ont seuls arrêtés. Je vous tiendrai au courant de ce que j'aurai fait en vous écrivant sous le couvert de MM. Bradbury & Evans. Vous aurez parfaitement raison, Monsieur, de lire et de rendre justice à la traduction que F. Victor a faite de votre grand et sublime poète. Vous vous rendrez compte de l'infériorité

des traductions de Letourneur (traductions faites sous ce nom par divers auteurs), de M. Guizot et de Benjamin Laroche paraphrases l'un de l'autre. Shakspeare, inconnu en France, seulement soupçonné par l'école littéraire de 1830 est maintenant grâce à F. Victor Hugo, naturalisé dans notre pays. Je vous recommande les introductions qui sont suivant moi de petits chefs d'œuvre de style et de recherche. Notre grand poète vient de faire un livre qui complètera et couronnera l'œuvre de son fils, en glorifiant votre Shakspeare.—Je connaissais votre publication du Shakspeare pittoresque et vous avez mille fois raison d'en refaire une édition ; vos notes et commentaires sont du plus grand intérêt, j'en possède plusieurs livraisons qui m'ont mis à même de constater le mérite de ce travail.

“Veuillez, très cher monsieur, recevoir de nouveau mes remerciements et mes salutations les plus cordiales,

“THÉOPHILE GUERIN.

“P.S.—Un volume de F. Victor, doit paraître d'ici un mois j'aurai l'honneur de vous le faire adresser.

“Mr. Charles Knight.”

Sir George Nicholls, with whom Charles Knight

was brought into contact in connection with the Poor Law Amendment, wrote the following letters many years afterwards :—

"Monday, February 2, 1857.

"DEAR MR. KNIGHT,

"My wife desires me to offer you her best thanks for a number of the 'Biographical Cyclopædia,' which you have been good enough to send her, and in my own name I beg also to thank you for a notice of myself which I find therein, and which, judging from its kind and favourable tone, I can, I think, hardly be wrong in attributing to your friendly hand. It is very nicely done, and peculiarly gratifying to my feelings, in connection with the source whence it emanated ; my only question about it is, as to whether it may not be too favourable.

"I hope you continue well, and that the monthly demands upon your time and exertions are not oppressive. I see no reason to change the opinion I expressed to you as to the merits of your 'History,' after reading some of the earlier numbers.

"With best wishes and kindest regards, I remain always,

"Truly yours,

"GEO. NICHOLLS.

"Charles Knight, Esq."

" 17, Hyde Park Street, October 27, 1862.

" DEAR MR. KNIGHT,

" Pray accept the enclosed as a mark of my regard. I dare say you have some scrap-book in which you can place the lines as a remembrance of me. They are probably the last I shall ever write. They are in truth the same I showed you when you were last here, with the exception of the last, which I added in consequence of an observation of yours after reading them. I am very sensible, however, that they require to be viewed with indulgence as the work of an octogenarian. You are now, I think, about bringing your 'History' to a close, and I can well understand your feelings on the occasion. As soon as I get the last number, I shall have the whole bound up, and set about reading it regularly through, and have no doubt that I shall find much to instruct as well as to interest and amuse me.

" It is now going on for nearly thirty years since circumstances brought us into communication, and I look back to our intercourse during the intervening period with real pleasure; for although our meetings may not have been very frequent, they have never been wanting in confidence, and, I trust, in mutual respect. Let us

each cherish the remembrance of this friendly intercourse, and I hope you will believe me, with every good wish for your happiness, my dear Mr. Knight, always sincerely yours,

"GEO. NICHOLLS.

"Charles Knight, Esq."

"17, Hyde Park Street, November 4, 1862.

"DEAR MR. KNIGHT,

"Your letter has gratified me greatly, and I am glad that I called it forth by sending you my octogenarian lines." You are, I think, right in considering the imaginative faculty a valuable help in the career of life. I have found it so, and compare it to the buffer of a railway carriage, as it eases many a shock that might else be destructive; and how pleasant is it to look back upon the roughnesses of a road thus safely passed over! You have had your troubles, I know, and I almost pity a man who has not had them; but Charles Knight has stood his ground, not in his own estimation only, but in the regard of all who knew him, and has come out all the brighter for this pressure, and, let me add, has more than realized all that I anticipated of his character in our earliest acquaintance.

"You refer to difficulties in regard to your connection with the Poor Law Department. There certainly were, both at the outset and at one or two subsequent periods, of which perhaps you are not aware ; but in defending your interest I acted strictly in the line of duty, for you had established a claim on public grounds which in my official capacity I felt bound to uphold. I never forgot our working together in bringing out those forms of account, which I hold to have been eminently successful in the main, although afterwards greatly modified. But is not this fighting the battle over again ? So let it all pass, and we will remember only what is pleasant, and look hopefully to the future.

"I cannot deny your request, in the way in which you put it, to have the numbers of your 'History' bound for me, but I must first read the concluding portion, which I am to receive on Saturday. My so doing will dry the print and prevent injury in the binding.

"I am sorry to learn that you have not been quite well. I have been suffering myself from the same cause, but have turned the corner, as I hope is the case with you.

"Pray remember that you have friends here who will always be glad to see you, and who

cordially join in all good wishes, with, dear Mr. Knight, yours most sincerely,

"GEO. NICHOLLS.

"Charles Knight, Esq."

"17, Hyde Park Street, November 9, 1863.

"DEAR MR. KNIGHT,

"By this post I return your proof, which I have read through every word, from beginning to end. The arrangement seems to me greatly improved, and in all respects satisfactory. You will see that I have made sundry suggestions, corrections, and emendations in pencil, which you can readily expunge, modify, or adopt, as you may think best. But I have passed nothing unnoticed which I disapproved, and have certainly endeavoured to find all the fault I could—this being in my opinion the especial office of a friendly overlooker, although this you did not do for me to the extent you might have done, in your overlooking of my 'Poor Law Histories.'

"I fear you may think that I have kept your proof unreasonably long; but I am at best not a rapid worker, and your missive arrived when I happened to be unusually busy. I hope the delay will not have caused you inconvenience.

"There are passages in your early life so similar to what I remember of my own career, that I almost fancied it was reading my own reminiscences instead of yours. We have each of us much to be thankful for. I wish I could persuade you to think a little more favourably of old bluff Harry (see p. 184). He was no doubt fat and florid, but I do not find that he was intemperate in his mode of living, and we are eternally indebted to him for ridding us of papal supremacy and monasticism. Without going quite so far as Froude, I think there is much to be said for him. His heart was true to England, although not always true to his wives.

"My wife is much better, and desires her kind regards, and, for myself, I remain always sincerely yours,

"GEO. NICHOLLS.

"Charles Knight, Esq."

The signature to the following letter is different from that of the letters from Sir G. Nicholls, and I have placed it out of order of date, not being quite sure whether it is by the same hand.

"Holy Trinity Parsonage, Mitcheldean, Glo'ster,

"June 18, 1859.

"DEAR MR. KNIGHT,

"I beg your kind permission to address a few lines expressive of the very real interest and benefit with which I have perused your volume 'Once upon a Time.'

"I took a hint from you, one day when last in town, to avoid the mistake (so commonly made) of commending the author's gift the moment it is received. This time I resolved to suspend making my demonstration to you until I had actually read the work. Not that there was any doubt in my mind as to the worth and merit of the work—your high reputation amply checked any such apprehension. But I have, in truth, been so really interested, indeed I may say *delighted* with it, that as now I beg leave to tell you so. I am also not a little pleased because the volume exhibits your autograph at the beginning of it. Your second gift, 'Knowledge is Power,' shall certainly have my earliest perusal, and with an equal amount of benefit.

"We should feel pleased indeed, and quite as proud to receive you here, whenever you feel inclined to pay a visit to the Forest of Dean. Had I only succeeded in making my account of

it as attractive as you would have made it, you would soon be here. With my best respects, I remain, my dear Mr. Knight,

"Most faithfully yours,

"H. G. NICHOLLS."

This letter is from Mr. Stanley, the naturalist:—

"Alderley Rectory, June 26, 1828.

"DEAR SIR,

"As I have been in daily expectation of hearing from you in answer to my last, I have made but little progress in my work, 'Ornithologes,' confining myself chiefly to the collection and general arrangement of materials. My labours must, however, be suspended in about ten days, when I am going from home, and shall not return till the end of August or beginning of September. Till then the books I wish to consult need not be sent, and perhaps it will be as well till you hear from me again. At the same time, I should like to have a few lines informing me whether the committee were satisfied with my outline and hints for graphic illustrations. If a prospectus has been published, I should be obliged to you for a copy. The tour I am about to make is, I have every reason to believe, highly interesting

and comparatively little known to English travellers, viz. the watering places at the foot of the Pyrenees, to which I proceed *via* Bordeaux by the Liverpool steamboat. Could I in Bordeaux be of any service by mentioning your name to the best bookseller or in any other way? If it seems to you that I can, I shall have great pleasure in complying with your wishes.

"I am, yours faithfully,

"EDWARD STANLEY."

The remaining letters were received at different times, and bear upon subjects connected with Charles Knight's own work, or that of others.

"Eton College, March 9, 1846.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I beg to thank you, by anticipation, in the name of my scholars, for the very valuable and acceptable present, which is so soon to be upon their shelves. As far as I have seen, it is the only Atlas which can be considered in any way complete, and that, too, in a most convenient size.

"I am so glad to hear that among the many valuable books for which English readers have

to thank you as publisher, this is in your own hands, while others of them are enriching strangers instead of him who undertook them with so much judgment and spirit. I have the pleasure of possessing nearly all of them, and I can assure you that I have no modern publications on which I set a higher value.

"I am very sorry I had not the gratification of seeing you in your short visit to Eton, and hope I may be more fortunate when you next take advantage of the short distance which the railroad has made.

"I am, my dear sir, very faithfully yours,
"E. C. HAWTREY."

"Admiralty, October 8, 1846.

"SIR,

"As the Board of Admiralty are about to establish a library for the use of the artificers and workmen in some of her Majesty's Dockyards, I should be obliged if you would send me a list of such books as you would consider to be calculated for that purpose. I also want the titles of some books that would be suitable for seamen's libraries on board a ship.

"I remain, your obedient servant,
"W. COWPER."

"Admiralty, October 10.

"SIR,

"I am obliged to you for your readiness to undertake the preparation of a list of books for a dockyard library and for seamen's libraries on board a ship, and write to say that, as I am going out of town for three weeks, I do not wish you to hurry yourself in the selection.

"Your obedient servant,

"WM. COWPER."

"*Private.*

"The Grange, October 18, 1848.

"DEAR SIR,

"May I take the liberty of asking you to give me your opinion on the subject of the enclosed? I have long known William Lovett, and, in spite of his Chartism and occasional violence, greatly respect his honesty, public spirit, and enlightened appreciation of the real interests of his own class. If his school is really a good one, I should like to subscribe a guinea or two to show my desire to help him and further his object. But before I do this, I should like to know whether there is anything in his plan of teaching that might render it awkward for a public man to be connected with it.

I know no one so likely to have good information and a sound opinion in the matter as yourself; and perhaps you will therefore excuse my asking your opinion.

"Yours very faithfully,

"CHARLES BULLER."

"National Society's Training Institution for Schoolmasters,
"St. Mark's College, Chelsea, 1846.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Observing that you have taken some notice of our lamented friend's, Winthrop Praed's, poems in your magazine, Mrs. Praed is anxious to know whether you would be disposed to publish a collected edition of the poems, which would make two small duodecimos *à la* Pickering. I have the materials by me, and if, for old remembrance sake, you would be disposed to take the editorship or publication, I should be glad to render any assistance. A short memoir should be prepared, which, on various accounts, I find it painful and difficult to undertake—not to mention my want of time, absorbed and harassed as I am—but I would gladly assist. Should you think anything of this, and would do me the favour of dining with me some day next week at five, fixing your own day, except

Tuesday, we might then arrange particulars, and I have fixed an early hour for the purpose. You have not seen our chapel, I believe, or heard our service—but this will not be resumed till the seventh of this month.

“I am, my dear sir, yours very faithfully,
“DERWENT COLERIDGE.”

This letter was from one of the audience witnessing the amateur performances presided over by Charles Dickens, for the benefit of poor authors and artists, in which Charles Knight played a part.

“Tavistock Place, Bishop Wearmouth, Sunderland,
“September 5, 1852.

“SIR,

“In the accompanying paper I have endeavoured to give some truthful impression of the delight recently afforded to the largest audience ever known in Sunderland by the amateur performances of the Guild of Art and Literature. Permit me, as one, however humble, of the too numerous race who ‘sin in ink,’ and in whose cause you and your gifted friends have so nobly and generously exerted yourselves, to convey a warm assurance of my individual gratitude, and of the sincere pleasure I experienced

in finding that my fellow-townsmen marked, by their enthusiastic reception of you, how well they knew and felt to whom so many of them (the reverse of wealthy) are indebted for the long previously denied power of calling a world of knowledge, truth, and beauty THEIR OWN.

"I have the honour to remain, sir,

"Believe me, most faithfully and respectfully,

"Your very obedient humble servant,

"J. G. GRANT.

"Charles Knight, Esq."

"Sydenham Hill, Sydenham, June 27, 1853.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Many thanks for your kind present of 'The English Cyclopædia,' which I will take the earliest opportunity to look over. The little tract has also come to hand. What a thick head is that same —— !

"Believe me, very truly yours,

"SAM. PHILLIPS.

"Charles Knight, Esq."

"St. Mark's College, Chelsea, December 24, 1853.

"MY DEAR MR. KNIGHT,

"Many thanks for your kind letter, and for the information which it contains. I

leave town for a fortnight on Monday, a week of which I shall spend with Moultrie, but if you will forward *The Brazen Head* to Mrs. W. M. Praed's residence, 64, Chester Square, Pimlico, you will be doing her and me a favour. I shall see it there on my return. What is your opinion as to the advisability of publishing Praed's *prose* pieces? My own view is that they should, *at any rate*, be kept distinct from the poems, which have an unique character and may perhaps obtain a permanent place in our literature. The essays, however lively, belong more to the day. The *memoir* has for many years been a burthen upon my spirits and on my conscience—literally having no time for the work, for *this* work which requires not merely vacant hours, but leisurely feelings—and I have made sundry manifold efforts to escape from it, but in vain. Moultrie has gone through the biographical for his, but Mrs. Praed wants something more and something different, though what he has done is very good as a plain memoir, and this something is *all*; but as the authorship is thus mystified, I propose that the poems should be 'edited by a friend' and dedicated 'To the surviving friends of W. M. P., from whose joint contributions the following memoir has been compiled,' etc., etc.

"May I hope for *your* assistance? Any account you can give me of Praed's connection with the *Etonian*, *Quarterly*, *Brazen Head*, etc., and any *other* of your recollections would be very acceptable. You know better how to *give* than I to *ask*, but I am actually at work, so that *time* presses. A letter would reach me this day week at the Rectory, Rugby.

"We shall ask your opinion on one or two doubtful pieces. . . .

"Yours very truly,

"DERWENT COLERIDGE."

"3, Cleveland Gardens, Hyde Park, January 9, 1855.

"SIR,

"Will you do me the favour to accept a volume of Lectures delivered by me at Oxford in my capacity of professor? I am anxious to testify, even by so small a tribute as this, my sense of the great services rendered by you in your writings, especially in your last published volume, to the cause of sound Political Economy—a field in which I am myself, according to the measure of my abilities, an earnest labourer.

"I remain, sir, yours faithfully,

"GEORGE K. RICHARDS.

"Charles Knight, Esq."

"Downing Street, March 16, 1855.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"The Chancellor of the Exchequer desires me to ask what was the greatest circulation or exact number of the *Penny Magazine* at any time. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has an impression that it once was 200,000 in number.

"Your obedient servant,

"ALEX. DUFF GORDON."

This answer to Sir Alexander Duff Gordon's letter is almost the only one left amongst Charles Knight's or his wife's papers in his handwriting, with the exception of a few to his wife during his brief holidays abroad or elsewhere, and one or two others of a purely personal and private interest.*

"90, Fleet Street, March 17, 1855.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"The Chancellor of the Exchequer has an accurate recollection of the sale of the

* After my grandfather's death, my grandmother destroyed many letters of interest, being of opinion that matter intended for the perusal of one person only should not be allowed to fall into the hands of any one else; and all the contemporaries of my grandfather being dead it has not been possible to obtain letters written by him to them. He was, however, at no time of his life a frequent letter-writer.

Penny Magazine having once reached 200,000. Indeed, at one period it was somewhat beyond that number. In the first year (1832) it sold about 100,000; in the second, 160,000. The largest sale was in the third and fourth years. At the end of fourteen years it had fallen to 40,000, which number was scarcely remunerative. I have no doubt that the reduction of the newspaper stamp from fourpence to a penny, in 1836, greatly diminished its sale, by cheapening the weekly newspapers. The diminution was not so much in the monthly parts as in the weekly issue.

— “In the little book which I forward—‘The Old Printer and the Modern Press’—I have taken a rapid view of the circulation and character of penny periodicals at the beginning of 1852. I have stated that of four of these a million sheets were then sold weekly. I have reason to believe that during the past year this sale has greatly increased. The *London Journal* is now stated to sell 450,000, the *Family Herald* about 300,000, *Cassell's Paper* 250,000, *Reynolds's Miscellany* 200,000. The character of the cheap sheets generally has not materially changed. v They almost wholly depend upon their continuous stories, and contain little solid informa-

tion, perhaps with the exception of the *Family Herald*. Their great object is to amuse and to excite. They have no decided moral influences; but they are not openly profligate as they once were. Dr. Arnold was strongly impressed with the notion that a newspaper was the best vehicle for communicating knowledge to the people. In a letter to the Archbishop of Dublin, February, 1833, he says, 'I still think that a newspaper alone can help to cure the evil which newspapers have done and are doing. The events of the day are a definite subject to which instruction can be attached in the best possible manner.' The change in the character of the penny periodicals during the last five or six years, from the lowest ribaldry and positive indecency to a certain propriety—and of which frivolity is the chief blemish—is an assurance to me that the cheapening of newspapers by the removal of the stamp will not let in that flood of sedition and blasphemy which some appear to dread. The character of the mass of readers is improved. In my little book I have opposed the removal of the stamp chiefly on the ground that a quantity of local papers would start up, that would be devoted to mere parish politics and squabbles, instead of being national in their

objects, and that would huddle together the work of criminal trials and police cases, without attempting to suggest any sound principles of politics, or furnish any useful information. I provide a corrective to this. I have devised the plan detailed in the circular which I left with you ; I sent out an intelligent youth into the Midland districts last week, confidentially to explain this plan, to active printers, in towns that had no local paper ; and his report shows that the principle will be eagerly adopted. I understand that Messrs. Chambers are also contemplating the issue of a cheap newspaper ; and I have no doubt that the experiment of making the newspapers an instrument of education will be also followed by others who have no disposition to minister to popular passions or moral corruptions. Should the postal arrangements which the Chancellor of the Exchequer contemplates allow the transmission of more than one copy of the same paper for a penny, up to a certain weight, I believe that the rural population, for whom little reading is now provided, might be furnished with improving newspapers, the clergy and resident gentry. The is to give them a newspaper that in their own homes without moral

injury. For the advancement of many objects of improvement, such as sanitary measures, which depend as much upon the people themselves as upon the local administrators, I think a well-conducted, cheap newspaper press would be of enormous advantage. For the teaching of 'common things' nothing could be more efficient than a good newspaper.

"I remain, my dear sir, your faithful servant,

"C. K."

This letter was written on the death of Douglas Jerrold :—

"8, King's Bench Walk, Temple, June 9, 1857.

"MY DEAR MR. KNIGHT,

"I had of course heard of the event of yesterday. I have written to Mrs. Jerrold, begging her, or any member of the family, to command any services, however trifling, I can render.

"If it is determined that some of his friends should follow him to his final resting-place, I should much wish to be of the number, and hope you will let me know. From what you tell me in your kind note of to-day, I fear he has made no will. But, as you observed to

me on Sunday, the law does not make a bad will, * * * and the sons, as I understand, are already able to do much for themselves. Although I had not the privilege of Jerrold's intimate friendship, I had ever since I knew him a sincere regard and affection for him. I flatter myself that I understood the genuine nature of the man. A long life of struggle and difficulty might have added some intensity to the natural instinct in the which he detected the follies and vices of mankind. But he was a man of most kindly feeling, and all his sympathies and aspirations were for what is lovable and good. His loss is that which can never be replaced—the loss of a man of bright genius and marked character.

“Believe me always yours,

“J. HUMPHREYS PARRY.”

The book to which reference is made in the following letters was “*Passages of a Working Life.*”

“Ventnor, Friday morning, December 18, 1863.

“MY DARLING MARY,

“Your dear Winch leaves us this morning, and I assure you we are all very sorry to lose him. He will have a splendid drive under

a brilliant sun, and the cold—for it is really cold at last—will do him no harm.

"Your acknowledgment of my book was very grateful to me. There is no praise so acceptable to me as that which comes from the heart of one one loves as I love you.

"Tell George I thank him for his hints about chapter-heads—but I doubt whether the thing can be done satisfactorily. I have tried it, and given it up in despair.

"Sad news about poor E——.

"All are well. Annie, I think, will overdo her hill-climbing. Mamma 'charming and young.'

"Love to all. God bless you, darling.

"Your affectionate father,

"CHARLES KNIGHT."

"St. Mark's College, Chelsea, December 11, 1863.

"MY DEAR MR. KNIGHT,

"Allow me to acknowledge and to thank you for the volume which you have kindly sent me, before I read it, which I shall do with very great interest. My early relations with you form one of the pleasantest pages in the unwritten and, alas! but imperfectly remembered autobiography of my own life. I am

thankful to any one who furnishes with a date, still more who revives, and helps me to decipher any passage in the o'er scribbled palimpsest.

"Poor Mrs. Praed's death will, I much fear, delay the publication of her husband's Memoir, on which I *may* have to write to you. Fortunately, however, I still have the assistance of *his* family, who desire it to be short and summary.

"Yours very truly,

"DERWENT COLERIDGE.

"Chas. Knight, Esq."

"St. Mark's College, Chelsea, February 16, 1864.

"MY DEAR MR. KNIGHT,

"I have waited for a moment of real leisure (when will it come?) to thank you, not for the gift of your last volume, which I have already acknowledged, but for the book itself, which I have now read with great interest and pleasure. It is delightfully executed. I almost envy you the faculty which you have preserved in such freshness of easy narrative and unforced reflection.

"I am aware of the threatened edition of Praed's poems. In consequence of Mrs. Praed's death the *authorized* edition will now be produced with the assistance of —, hitherto withheld. The collection of poems will be more

complete, and the memoirs much shorter. It happens very unfortunately that my time and thoughts are so much taken up just now with my own concerns. You have perhaps been told I have accepted a small living—Hanwell, which you must know. Thank you for your last note and enclosure. If I have any difficulty in verifying any of the poems in my list, I will ask your judgment and information.

“Always very truly yours,

“DERWENT COLERIDGE.

“Charles Knight, Esq.”

“Bonchurch, Isle of Wight, June 23, 1864.

“MY DEAR KNIGHT,

“I received by post this morning the second volume of ‘*Passages of a Working Life*,’ for which accept my grateful acknowledgments. I shall begin cutting the pages this evening from whence I left off in the proof-sheets. I am glad that you have inserted at the end of the volume the note to chapter xv. You prove your case, and show that the tax hurt literature; but all taxes press on something; and he who first imposed the tax on paper, wrappers, etc., never contemplated an undertaking like the ‘*Penny Cyclopædia*.’

"You found the tax in existence when you undertook so great a work. That your well-wishers of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge should have left you in the slough of difficulty, while they rambled pleasantly through flowery meadows, is not according to my sense of justice. . . .

"No good event has happened in Bonchurch since your departure. A sad one, common to mortality, occurred, in the death of one of Mr. ——'s pupils, after but a few days' illness, caused, I hear, by eating an ice when heated. I hope you are better, and that your eyesight is improved. Poor Maria and I continue low and sad for the loss of the children; we knew not how much we loved them till the day on which they left us; but I will not dwell on this.

"Have you been on Old Father Thames on a calm, smooth day, when Time writes no wrinkle on the brow—I cannot say 'azure,' for that is not the word for the Thames at Kingston? Have you caught any perch or gudgeon, or roach or dace?

"If you were at Serene View now, you might see, morning and evening, the Ventnor and Littlehampton steamer plying. My brother Lawrence went by it one morning, and enjoyed the voyage:

it was calm and fine. Give my love to your wife and daughters, and remember me kindly to Barry. My wife and Emily desire to be kindly remembered. Forster, I am told, has removed to Kensington; he did not say so in a letter I received from him in May. I have written since to 46, Montagu Square. It was only ten days ago that Mrs. White told me he had removed to Kensington, but she did not know the house nor number.

"Believe me, my dear Knight,

"Yours affectionately,

"EDMUND PEEL.

"Charles Knight, Esq.

"If writing be irksome, ask one of your daughters to let me hear how you all are, and how long to remain at Kingston. The roses here are the eighth wonder of the world."

"28, St. George's Square, Worcester, May 10, 1864.

"DEAR MR. KNIGHT,

"I have been reading with great interest the first volume of your 'Passages of a Working Life during Half a Century;' it brings back forcibly to mind many anecdotes and events which my parents used to relate of their own early reminiscences. Perhaps you may like to

hear that I have also in my possession a manuscript copy of King George the Third's letter to the Bishop of Worcester; it is verbatim that of yours given in page 61 of the Prelude, but concludes with—

‘I remain,

‘My dear good Bishop,

‘GEORGE.’

My letter was copied by the late Dr. Burgess, at that time Bishop of St. David's, who sent it to my grandfather, the Rev. Allan Thomas Gwynne, of Cardiganshire, in 1812. As there is no date to the copy of the King's letter, it has interested me to try and make out from your reminiscences the period when it was written, which I suppose must have been in the year 1804, but shall feel especially obliged if you can certify me as to the fact by the favour of a few lines in the enclosed envelope.

“Believe me, with great respect,

“Very sincerely yours,

“M. M. ATWOOD.”

“3, Marine Place, Dover, May 15, 1865.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“I have just read ‘Passages of a Working Life,’ or, to speak more correctly, I

have listened to it, for my eyes have long since refused to help me either in reading or writing, and indeed now hardly serve to guard their master against a post. I write not to add praise to the book—for what would my praise be worth?—but to express the great gratification I feel at seeing myself named, however humble the place I occupy, amongst such company as those who have taken a part in your literary labours; and it gives me great pleasure to think you have remembered me.

* * * * *

"My womanensis (as Tom Hood has it) joins me in best regards to you, and believe me always,

"Very sincerely yours,

"AMBROSE PEYNTER,

"*per* L. N. P.

"Charles Knight, Esq."

The following letter is on the subject of education and also on Charles Knight's book, "Knowledge is Power":—

"Castle Hall, Southampton, September 10, 1860.

"DEAR SIR,

"I take the liberty of giving this letter of introduction to you to Mdlle. Champ

Renaud, the daughter of a Swiss gentleman who was my tutor for several years before I went to school, and again for a short time after I left it, and was regarded by me, as by all his other pupils, with sincere respect—indeed, I may say affection—till his lamented death. She has been recommended to me as a lady of the highest character and considerable attainments, and has requested to be introduced to you, in the hope that you might be willing to assist her by your advice, information, and influence in an educational scheme which she contemplates. I should be very grateful for any assistance you may render her. Whether you find yourself able to do so or not, I rely on your kindly seeing her and pardoning the liberty taken by, dear sir,

“Your faithful and obedient servant,

“EBRINGTON.

“P.S.—I cannot refrain from mentioning, as I am writing to you, though I should hardly have ventured to have troubled you with it otherwise, how much pleasure and information I have derived from having had read aloud to me your truly valuable work, ‘Knowledge is Power,’ of which I have ordered several copies for gifts to lending libraries and young working men.

“C. Knight, Esq.”

This is another testimonial to the appreciation of Charles Knight's cheap publications :—

" Burton Park, Petworth, January 1, 1863.

" DEAR SIR,

" I feel much honoured by your request to possess my photograph, in exchange for that of yourself, which I have received through Mr. Tarver.

" In my younger years I associated with your name much of the delight of my reading ; my earliest savings went in the purchase of the monthly parts of the illustrated Shakspeare. Since then I have year by year learnt to appreciate more and more the beneficent influence of your literary labours upon your fellow-countrymen and upon mankind.

" I pray that the year just opened may continue to you the blessings of bodily and mental vigour, and that for many more years your valuable life may be spared to your friends and to your country.

" Believe me, dear sir, with much esteem,

" Yours sincerely,

" THOMAS FAIRBAIRN.

" Charles Knight, Esq."

This letter from Mr. Shirley Brooks was

in reference to a proposed memorial to Shakspeare:—

“Monday, January 25, 1864.

“MY DEAR KNIGHT,

“I am extremely glad, though not at all surprised, that you approve of the step we have taken in regard to the so-called memorial. You will see the—well, the shortest word is the best—the lying article in the *Athenæum* of Saturday, to which you will also see a polite rejoinder in *Punch* (you get *this*, I hope) on Wednesday. I have also worked the press well in several other quarters. And I’ve given my name to the Mayor of Stratford, who did me the honour to ask it. There is a little meeting at the Reform Club, to-morrow, of some of us malcontents, but I know not whether anything will come out of it. The universal impression is that the business is at an end, so far as the memorial is concerned, and the only question is whether we ought now to take an initiative. *Entre nous*, I don’t much care about it. Mr. W. S. has been able to take indifferent good care of himself for two hundred and fifty years or so, and I see no signs of weakness on his part. Not to be profane, I recollect what occurred to

that respected sovereign, the late King Uzziah, when he thought that the Ark could not stand without *his* assistance.

"You are well and thoroughly comfortable, I hope. Your son told me that the air of the isle was doing much good, he thought, to Miss Knight. We do not at all forget your kind invitation, but we must wait for out-o'-door weather, and are promised another frost.

"I have not written to you since the great loss,* but each knew all that the other would say. I have not had such a shock since one death which a man feels most of all. Perhaps the desire to avenge an insult to W. M. T. may have edged one's weapon to the detriment of the National Committee. But I dare say he has told Shakspeare all about it, and they have smiled at us all.

* * * * *

"Dickens writes an article on him in the next *Cornhill*. 'Which,' as Carlyle says, 'makes several people think of several things.' Your little friend, Reginald Shirley Walkinshaw Brooks, Esquire, has this last week been transferred to a school, for the first time. His knowledge of English history has flashed out

* The death of Mr. W. M. Thackeray.

wonderfully already, and I regret to say that he views the Reverend Gleig's little book with considerable scorn. This comes of people writing popular histories, and giving them to their friends.

"I shall send you a marked *Punch*, that you may see that 'I earns my money.' All the ticked articles are by yours truly, as Thackeray used to say.

"Evans has been ill again, but is better. He will, however, never be really well till he comes away from that beastly Wandsworth, and ceases to have to make six different journeys per day—station, rail, home—home to station, rail, office. I wish you would tell him so, in thunder.

"Mrs. Shirley's kindest messages to Mrs. Knight and yourself.

"Ever yours, my dear Knight,

"SHIRLEY BROOKS.

"C. Knight, Esq."

"March 3, 1865.

"MY DEAR KNIGHT,

"Looking over some autographs, I came on an old letter which I 'annexed' a great many years ago, when professionally searching through a great old box of deeds in a country

mansion. It is curious, though it tells nothing which you have not told in pp. 480, 481, vol. 3, of the History; but it is written just at the critical time with Charles I. and the Houses. It is without signature, but you will see whom I credit with it; and I have copied it, only modernizing the spelling. You may like to see it. The meeting at Merchant Taylors' Hall is, I suppose, mentioned in some of the books?

"Please to say to Miss Knight that I have got you from Claudet, who is most polite, would not be paid, and asks *me* to sit.

"With kindest regards from uxor and self.

"Ever yours,

"SHIRLEY BROOKS."

Here follows the copy of the document mentioned:—

"March 2 (1642).

"MY DEAR COSEN,

"I have hapned to come in so late, and hear these are to go so early to-morrow as I cannot send you those printed messages and answers which will best show for our condition: to supply this, if Tom Basset keep his word, I think he will be with you as soon as

these. The King holds to his answer concerning the militia, and being earnestly pressed by a quick message from the Houses to alter his purpose in this path, replied he was amazed at their message; that they talked of jealousies and fears, but would they lay their hands upon their hearts, they could but think him free from such, and that this their message was not like to lessen them. That he had offered them all in the militia they could in reason ask, or he in honour grant, and that he saw no cause to alter it in any point. To their desire of his coming to Whitehall, he wished he could do this with honour or safety, but he appealed to themselves whether he could do so. To their desire of the Prince, he said he would have care of him both as a father and a king, and in all things have regard to peace and justice, leaving the protection of himself and his right to the providence of God. This denial received, the Houses have concurrently voted a resolution to settle the militia according to their own ordinance, expecting a full obedience to it; and they have *this day*, in *Merchant-tailors' Hall*, made a declaration of the grounds of their own jealousies, and a vindication of themselves from having given the King any. This seems to me much sharper

than any hath yet passed. The King is gone to Royston *this day*, very thinly attended. The whole face of the times is very sad ; the King like to be solitary, and the Houses not very skilful how to go on in this new way of their militia without his concurrence, *but there seems a full purpose to do it*. My dear cosen, if I am not unhappier than even I yet foresee, I hope to kiss your hands by the middle of the next week. I pray God to keep you all. My humblest service to Sir Charles and to my sister. Your friends here, God be thanked, are all well.

"For my most honoured
dear cosen, Mrs. Jane
Berkeley, at Sir Charles
Berkeley's house at . . .
this.

"No signature, but probably written by George, 13th Lord Berkeley, who died August 10, 1658."

"6, Kent Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W.,

"February 28, 1869.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I do not know whether you receive the *Gentleman's Magazine* from Whitefriars. I hope so. But I shall know on Tuesday. If I find that you do not, I will forward to you the March number. 'What importeth the nomination of this *Gentleman's Magazine*?' you will at once say. This. I have undertaken a work which I heartily wish that *you* had ever been minded to

undertake, viz. to write some tales from the old dramatists. One, from *Bartholomew Fair* (by way of an elegant beginning), appears this month. But I don't think I should ask you to undergo the bore of reading what at best must be *fads*, after the succulent and unhesitating old B. T., but that I have introduced mention of a book of yours, which you may remember that you were kind enough to let me read in proof.

"But if you have any suggestions that may help me in any sense, you know how I should value them. I think I shall generally keep to the comedy, making exception in favour of a terrific sensational tragedy now and then. The weather has been very depressing, but I hope it has not depressed *you*. Your godson is now well, but has had a bad time with neuralgia, so bad that Sir Henry Thompson had to consider whether he would inject morphia to stop the torture. However, this is over; but he can't go back to his college, and is tutored at home. He sends his duty, his mother his love, and I both, and, with our kindest regards to Mrs. and Miss Knight, believe me,

"Ever yours affectionately,

"SHIRLEY BROOKS.

"Charles Knight, Esq."

"6, Cork Street, Burlington Gardens,
"July 19, 1865.

"MY DEAR CHARLES KNIGHT,

"I do not consider that I have overpaid you in the least for the instalment of 'Jacob Tonson.' It is my ordinary tariff with my best contributors, and, of course, I count a literary veteran such as you are in that category.

"Of course, the conclusion of 'Jacob Tonson' goes on in the August number.

"Yours ever sincerely,

"SAMUEL LUCAS."

Mr. Durham executed a bust of Charles Knight in 1865, a copy of which, presented by his grandchildren, is in the National Portrait Gallery.

"21, Devonshire Street, Portland Place, W.,
"December 1, 1865.

"MY DEAR KNIGHT,

"May I ask you for Mr. Kerr's address? I wish to send a cast of your bust, as you desired I should. Most folks seem pleased with the likeness, and I am glad to tell you as far as the marble has been worked you are likely to have a pure piece of marble, though I ought

to say it is a small block I have kept a long time, quite thinking it was very good.

"I hope you won't object to me sending the marble to the Royal Academy next year, if it shall please God I live so long. With kind remembrances to all around you,

"Yours I am faithfully,

"JOSH. DURHAM."

"21, Devonshire Street, Portland Place, W.,

"August 17.

"MY DEAR KNIGHT,

"With this you will, I hope, receive the bust safely.

"Your daughter was kind enough to ask me to dine with you on Friday next.

"I must not say I'm sorry that I go out of town on Thursday, because I'm right glad to do so; but I regret it will prevent being with you. Hoping you will give me another chance, and with kindest remembrances to all around you,

"Yours I am faithfully,

"JOSH. DURHAM."

The following was written after Charles Knight's death:—

"21, Devonshire Street, Portland Place, W.

"DEAR MRS. KNIGHT,

"I have a cast of Mr. Knight's bust here. Some time ago Shirley Brooks wished for a cast; he died, and that cast I have at your disposal any time from hence.

"Yours faithfully,

"JOSH. DURHAM.

"To Mrs. Chas. Knight."

Reference is here made to the effect of Charles Knight's early publications:—

"British Museum, August 21, 1866.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I can hardly tell you with what feelings of exquisite pleasure I read your little note of felicitation. From the time when, a boy at school, I cut open the first number of *Knight's Quarterly Magazine* (I can well remember the day, the place where I did it, and my delight at the first article I ever saw by Macaulay) I have always looked up to your name as that of one of the great promoters of sound and pleasant literature, and to be congratulated by you on the attainment of the Keepership has to me a peculiar

flavour and value. Mr. Ralston has told me how kindly you had been speaking of me, but I hardly ventured to expect the honour of a letter, and I hope my receiving it is a sign that your health is again becoming such as to favour literary activity. If so, I may, I hope, have the gratification of welcoming you here before long, to follow up some line of pleasant remark, such as those for which you have so often made the public your debtor. To assist you in such would be one of the advantages conferred on me by my new position.

"I remain, dear sir, ever truly yours,

"THOMAS WATTS.

"Charles Knight, Esq."

"British Museum, April 18, 1867.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"A thousand thanks for your charming little novel, which is, I hope, only the first of a long series. I have as yet only found time to read the first hundred pages, in which the chief fault I find is that you do not give us enough of the theatre, an evening at which, in your hands, ought to have furnished materials for at least a chapter. Your little local details are of the kind which always strike me as giving a peculiar charm to fiction, and as establishing

a delightful bond of sympathy between author and reader, especially when both are familiar with the scenes described. Some day or other you ought to give the public a tale with the scene at Windsor.

"I hope Miss Knight found all she wanted in her visit to the Reading-room, or rather, I hope she found a part of what she wanted, and will return once or twice at least to find the remainder. Her ticket is now renewed, and she has no excuse for staying away. With my best compliments to her, and renewed thanks to yourself for your most agreeable and flattering present,

"I remain, dear sir, ever yours truly,

"THOMAS WATTS.

"Charles Knight, Esq."

"Castle Hill, Southminster, April 23, 1867.

"DEAR MR. C. KNIGHT,

"Many thanks for your kind present, which I found on my return to England last Saturday from Nice. I shall read the improved and revised edition of your excellent book, I doubt not with the same profit I did the earlier edition.

"Allow me to beg your acceptance—you are too busy, I know, for me to expect your perusal—

of a recent pamphlet of mine on 'Middle-Class Education,' which I will send you in a day or two. It contains the account *inter alia* of our Devon County School. I add the last Director's report, which will show you that we are now paying 5 per cent. upon our capital. And to prove to you that it is not done at the expense of the efficiency of the school, I may mention that (in conformity with the rule which obliges the whole of our first and second classes to go up for examination) 50 boys were examined at the last Middle-Class Examination held by the University of Cambridge, *i.e.* about half the school of 98 boarders and about 8 day boys; that of the 48 juniors 40 passed in religious knowledge, 38 in English, and 23 in mathematics, and 32 passed, of whom 7 got 2nd class honours; that of the 5 seniors who went up all passed in English, one being the first in all England in it; that 4 passed in religious knowledge and 4 in mathematics, 4 passed altogether, of whom 2 got 2nd class honours. I mention this because I see Mr. Rogers is against usefully moving in the question in London, and I believe ours is the right system. Once more thanking you,

"I remain, dear sir, yours faithfully,

"FORTESCUE."

The letter from the Royal Historical Society was received two months before Charles Knight's death.

"Royal Historical Society, January 17th, 1873.

"SIR,

"I have the pleasure of informing you that, in recognition of your distinguished services to historical literature, you were last evening unanimously elected an honorary member of the Royal Historical Society.

"I have the honour to be, sir,

"Your very obedient humble servant,

"CHARLES ROGERS,

"Hon. Sec.

"Charles Knight, Esq., etc., etc., etc."

BOOKS WRITTEN BY CHARLES
KNIGHT.

Cliefden and other Poems. 1813.

"The spot from which the descriptive poem of Cliefden * derives its title is the demesne of the Countess of Orkney, on the banks of the Thames, in Buckinghamshire. The romantic woodland scenery and spring are very generally known and admired."

Arminius; or, The Deliverance of Germany.

A tragedy. 1814.

The Bridal of the Isles. A mask. 1817.

The Blighted Hope. A monody. 1817.

Life of Fairfax.

Life of Tasso (prefixed to Fairfax's "Tasso").

1817.

Menageries (Library of Entertaining Knowledge).

1828.

The Elephant, principally reviewed in relation to man. 1830.

* Now a seat of the Duke of Westminster.

A passage forming the conclusion of a chapter on the "Fossil Remains of Elephants," written by Charles Knight, is as follows :—

"In leading the mind of the reader to the contemplation of those remote periods, whose history, dark and imperfect as it may be, is yet written in legible characters within the soil on which we tread, it may occur to some few that we deserve the reproach of the amiable and pious Cowper, against those who—

'Drill and bore
The solid earth, and from the strata there
Extract a register, by which we learn
That he who made it, and revealed its date
To Moses, was mistaken in its age.'

The professors of geology have too long been open to such reproaches, partly from the misplaced zeal with which they attempted to associate an infant science with theories crudely conceived, and built up without a comprehensive knowledge of a great body of facts ; partly from the prejudices of those who fancied they saw a moral danger in the pursuit of the science itself. But the time is past, we hope for ever, when the diligent and modest student of Nature, in any of her departments, has to fear the same sort of spirit which Galileo had to encounter ; and which still in some Catholic states, where intolerance

predominates, holds the sublime discoveries of Newton as little better than atheism. Now and then, in our own days, an ignorant or a crafty controversialist attempts to repress the progress of inquiry, by proclaiming that some particular course of scientific investigation leads to irreligion; but, in her own peaceful and sober courage, true religion feels that she has nothing to fear from the utmost hardihood to research, and nothing to gain from the servile timidity of those who thus exclusively claim to be her supporters."

The Results of Machinery. 1830.

The Rights of Industry. 1831.

[These two works were amalgamated and enlarged under the title of *Knowledge is Power*. 1855.]

The Printing Machine. 1834.

Trades Unions and Strikes. 1834.

William Shakspeare. A biography. 1843.

This forms a volume of Knight's edition of the *Pictorial Shakspeare* and the *National Shakspeare*.
Life of Caxton. 1844.

One of Knight's shilling volumes, since enlarged under the title of *The Old Printer and the Modern Press*. 1854.

A Volume of Varieties (one of the *Weekly Volumes*).
1844.

New Lamps for Old. Remarks on Mr. Collier's
discoveries of the Annotations in Shakspeare.
1851.

Once upon a Time. 2 vols. 1854.

Popular History of England. 12 vols. 1855.
Completed 1862.

Knowledge is Power. 1855.

Passages of a Working Life. 3 vols. 1864.

Shadows of the Old Booksellers. 1865.

Begg'd at Court. A novel in one volume. 1867.

WORKS EDITED OR CONDUCTED
BY CHARLES KNIGHT.

The Plain Englishman. In conjunction with
Mr. E. H. Locker, published periodically.
1820-1822.

One of the earliest of the cheap miscellanies
of a useful as well as popular character.

Knight's Quarterly Magazine. 3 vols. 1823,
1824, 1825.

The British Almanack and the *Companion to the
Almanack.* For the Society for the Diffusion
of Useful Knowledge. 1823-1873.

Preface to *Gilbert Earle.* (Novel by Barry St.
Leger.) 1824.

National Library. Containing papers on History,
Science, Art, etc. (Not successful.) 1826.

The Brazen Head. Periodical continued for a
few weeks, started by Barry St. Leger and
W. M. Praed. 1827.

Friendship's Offering. Periodical. 1827.

Part proprietor of *London Magazine*, in conjunction with Barry St. Leger. Article written on "Education for the People," etc.

The Library of Entertaining Knowledge. Several articles were written by Charles Knight. 1828.

The Penny Magazine. Two series. 14 vols. 1832-1845.

Pictorial Bible. Since reissued by Chambers. 1838.

Pictorial Prayer-book. With selection of wood engravings. 1838.

Pictorial Edition of the Arabian Nights. By Lane. 1838.

Palestine. 1838.

Pictorial History of England. By G. L. Craik and C. Macfarlane. 1840. (Index by Hamilton. 1850.)

The Penny Cyclopædia. With a Supplement. 29 vols. 1832-1846.

Musical Library. Comprising works of classical composers. 1832.

Pictorial Shakspeare. Including Biography, 1 vol., and History of Opinion, with doubtful Plays and Index. 8 vols. 1839-1841.

Shakspeare. Cabinet Edition. 11 vols. 1842, 1843.

- Shakspeare.* Library Edition. 12 vols. 1842-1844.
- Pictorial Shakspeare* (without Biography). 7 vols. 1847.
- Shakspeare.* National Edition (with Biography and Studies). 8 vols. 1851-1853.
- Shakspeare.* Stratford Edition. 12 vols. 1854, 1855.
- Plays and Poems of Shakspeare.* With glossarial notes, illustrated by Harvey. 1 vol. (Bohn), with portrait and 40 plates. 1857.
- Companion Shakspeare.* 8 vols. 1865.
- Cabinet Library.* 1840.
- Classics.* 1840.
- Journey Books of England.* Berkshire, Derbyshire, etc. 1841, 1842.
- Store of Knowledge.* Taxation, Post Office, Europe, the House, Mineral Kingdom, Schools, Commercial Intercourse with China, etc. 1841.
- London.* With numerous woodcuts. 1841-1844.
Forming part of Bohn's Library. 1851.
- Library for the Times.* 1844.
- Miscellanies.* 1844.
- Guides to Service.* Domestic, Professional, etc. 1844.
- Guides to Trades.* (Industrial Library.) 1844.

Old England. A Classical Museum of Antiquities. 1845, 1846.

Farmer's Library. 1847-1849.

Studies and Illustrations of Shakspeare. 1850.

Traveller's Joy. 1851.

Cyclopædia of London. 1851.

Cyclopædia of the Industry of all Nations. 1851.

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Cyclopædia of Practical and Entertaining Knowledge. 1852.

Tourist's Companion through the Land we Live in. 1853.

Geography of the British Empire. 1853.

Cabinet History of England. Abridged from the Pictorial Edition. 1843.

Pictorial Museum of Animated Nature.

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Monthly Volumes. Afterwards continued as *Weekly Volumes*, with Supplement to weekly volumes, a series extending to 186 volumes. Consisting, amongst others, of the following (1843-1845):—

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Selected and arranged with short biographies
and critical notices of three hundred writers.
Forty then living. 1847, 1848. Second edition.

2 vols. 1851. Third edition. 4 vols. 1854, 1855.

National Cyclopædia (Abridgment of *Penny*). 1848.

The Land we live in. 1849.

Continuation of Pictorial History of England.

History of the Thirty Years' Peace. By Harriet Martineau. 1850.

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Town and Country Newspaper. (Not successful.) 1855.

National Cyclopædia of Useful Knowledge. 1856.

English Cyclopædia. Arts and Sciences, 8 vols.; Biography, 6 vols.; Geography, 4 vols.; Natural History, 4 vols.; Synoptical Index to the Four Divisions. 1856-1862.

School History of England (Abridgment of the Popular History). 1865.

Half-Hours with the Best Letter-Writers and Autobiographers. 1868.

Amongst many articles and pamphlets written at various times on different subjects, were the following:—

Several articles in the *Englishman's Library*. 1824.

The Literary Newspaper. A Review for the
Many. 1834.

Pauperism and Education. In the *Journal of*
Education. 1834.

Newspaper Stamps. 1836.

Introduction to *Mind amongst the Spindles.* 1844.

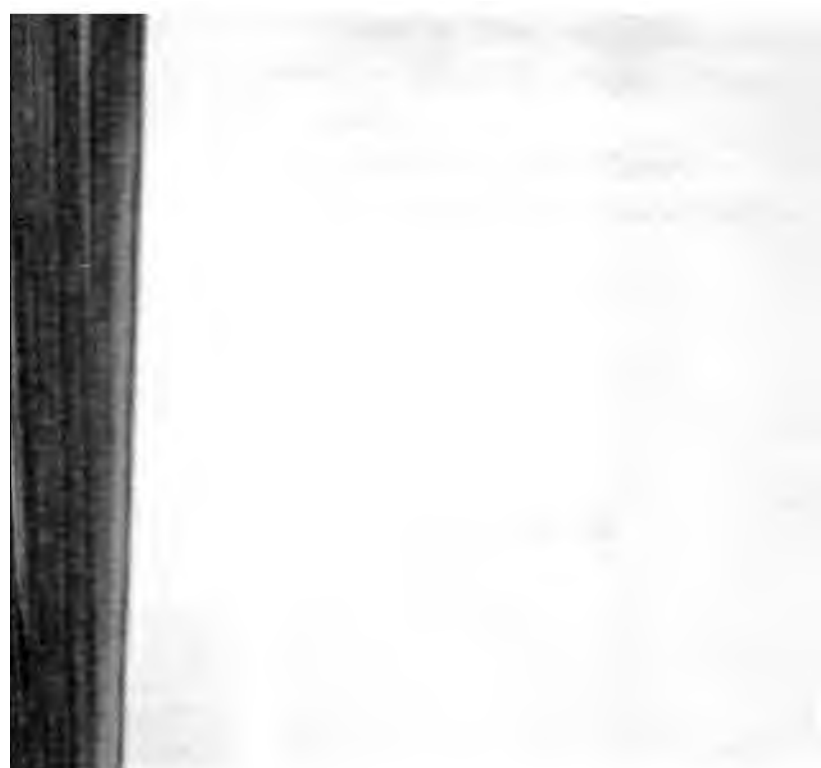
Several in *Voice of the People.* Weekly journal.
1848.

Plain Advice (on Cholera Visitation). 1853.

Reports on the Paris Universal Exhibition. 1856.

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